

EXTRA

WANTED

off the wall

APRIL 1, 1984

CHEAP

FREE

EXTRA

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD!

On the inside ...

Day in court

Time

Under the Dome

Fellow-inmate cri
extends jail

OFF
Over the Wall

sentence

WANTED

Merchants desiring to retire
from business can sell their

Deaths

72, of 462 For-
enue. West Kil-

nipeg, husband
Matthews.

Habeas corpus dies

LAW
MAY 1, 1976
DAY

FOR SALE

Past records haunt ex-convicts
RECORD

Prisoner
human

VOID
WHERE
PROHIBITED
BY
LAW

An Eleventh-Hour Reprieve



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025 with funding from
University of Toronto

<https://archive.org/details/31761075962795>

OFF THE WALL

1976

OFF THE WALL * A MONTHLY PUBLICATION FOR CONVICTS * JUNE 1976

OFF THE WALL is a monthly publication. It is printed with permission of the Administration of the Saskatchewan Penitentiary and the opinions expressed are not necessarily "SHARED" by the Administration.

It is devoted to the interests and activities of the men in the Saskatchewan Penitentiary, and it has two objectives: 1) to give us a source of information and facts, and 2) to provide a form of communication and representation for us - the cons. We would appreciate any suggestions, criticisms, cartoons, and information of value to the convict population, for our next issue.

JOINT STATISTICS MAY 1976

Number of convicts on the count....494
Current highest number.....5017
Paroles released during the month...17
Transferred to Farm Annex.....14
Transferred to other Institutions....18
Cons admitted during the month.....36

CIRCULATION AND PUBLICATION APROX. 630

June 1, 1976.

Publisher & Editor Bill Haas

Associate Editors

Cover Designer Warren Augustus
and Bill Haas

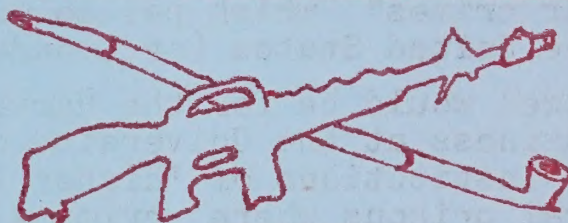
Artist

Lithographer Dennis Howe

Permission 'is granted' to use any material published in this publication. Please give credit to the individual authors.

ADDRESS ALL ENQUIRIES TO:

Editor: OFF THE WALL
Box 160, Prince Albert
Saskatchewan - Canada



CONTENTS

EDITORIAL

Bicentennial 3

POETRY

Someone 18
Ashes Convicts 18
Memories 38

SATIRE

Queen's Plate 14
Blue Knight Job 22

FEATURES

Horoscope 23
Crossword 27
Comic Strip 33

ARTICLES

Dubious Award 11
Views on Parole 28
Man To Man 34

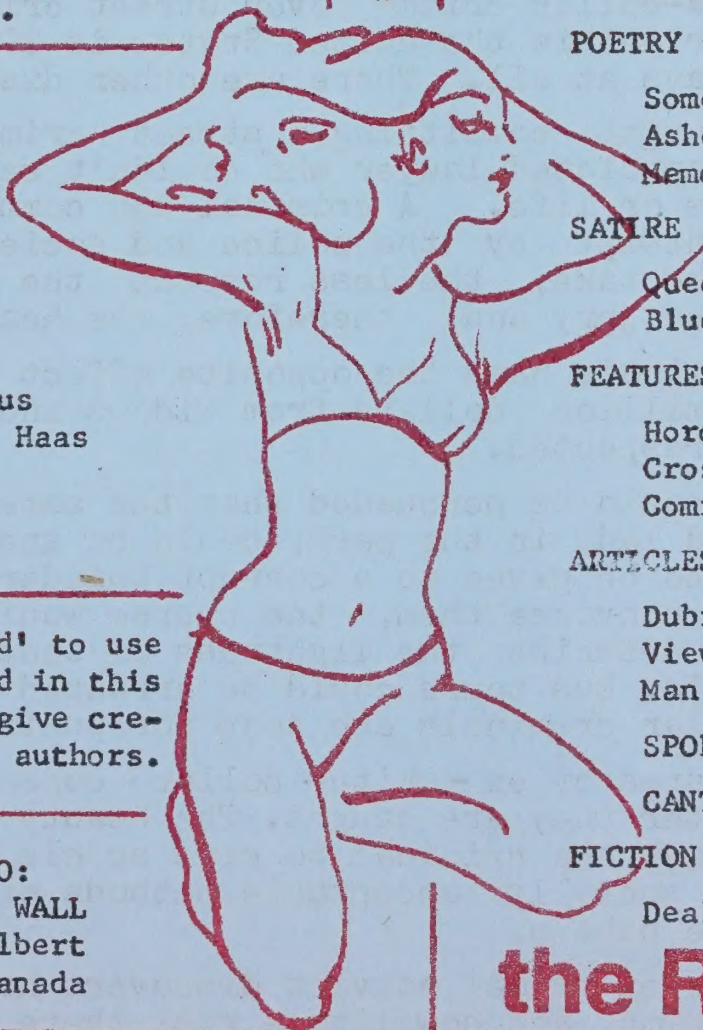
SPORTS 43

CANTEEN 21

FICTION

Dealer's Choice 8

the Real Dirt



THE SOLUTION TO CRIME - THE MENARD TIME - APRIL 1976

By: Art Buchwald, Sunday, March 15, The State Journal-Register

Howard Anderson of Cambridge, Mass., has just come up with the ultimate solution to violent crime. The answer is "non-violent crime." The problem as Howard sees it, is that society expects people who commit street crime to 'completely reform' and after their punishment commit, no more crime at all.

"This is impossible," he said "and can't work. The statistics show that the majority of criminals go back to committing street crimes again and again because our present prisoner reform does not work."

Anderson's plan is this. Instead of prisons teaching inmates so-called honest trades, a program should be initiated to teach them "white-collar crimes" which pay so much better and don't seem to get anyone in the United States (or Canada) to upset.

The idea would be for the Harvard Business School, the Wharton School of Business at the University of Pennsylvania, the Yale Law School and other institutions of 'higher learning' to set up courses in state and federal prisons where criminals could be taught the skills of committing "white-collar crimes."

The curriculum would include accounting, banking, stock market fraud, bribery, kick-backs and embezzlement. The teachers would explain the advantages of "white-collar crime" over street crimes. The average take for a 'street crime' in the United States is \$9.75! For the work and risk it hardly pays at all. There are other disadvantages.

When a person gets caught committing a street crime he usually winds up with some court-appointed lawyer who couldn't care less if the defendant gets 20 years or life. A criminal who commits a street crime is treated with contempt by the police and society in general. In fact, the smaller the take, the less respect the criminal engenders from the judge and the jury and, therefore, the heavier the sentence.

But white-collar criminals have the opposite effect on everyone. A man who has embezzled a million dollars from widows and orphans is one to be looked up to and respected.

The people in jails could be persuaded that the same amount of time it takes to 'mug' an old lady in the park, could be spent arranging for a municipal contract to be given to a corrupt builder or a bribe-paying road contractor. To convince them, the course would include lectures by judges who could describe the lightness of sentence meted out to white-collar criminals. Bus tours could be arranged to 'open-air' prisons where white-collar criminals are sent for punishment.

There could be lectures by ex-white-collar-cons on how to seek the best legal advice after they are caught. The beauty of Anderson's plan is that it does not ask the criminal to give up his trade. All it does is teach the convict socially acceptable methods of committing crimes that do not annoy the public.

When the average 'street crime' convict discovers how much money there is in white-collar crime, and how little risk there is in getting punished, we can expect a dramatic drop in street crime, which is the only type that seems to shake anyone up in the country.

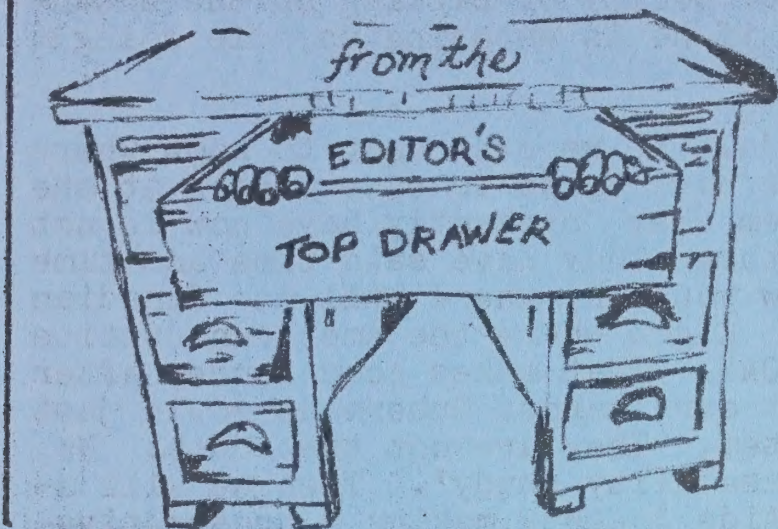
EDITORIAL: ON THE BICENTENNIAL

FOR THOSE WHO DON'T ALREADY know, or more likely, for those who don't already know and in some ways care, the United States is celebrating the great and wonderful occasion described only as 'The Bicentennial'. Aside from the fact, that many Americans don't fully understand their brethren to the North - by the by, that is us Canucks, most Americans don't want to understand their northern ally. It has often been rum-

oured that Canadians understand the Americans better than the Americans. CANANS UNDERSTAND US. AND NO WONDER! Canada is one of the few countries that for the length and breadth of it's recorded history has regularly adopted 'unsuccessful policies' from other political regimes and tried to implement them in their own political structure. The average Canadian should have a wonderful working knowledge of the American system, after all, he lives under just that system as it was fifteen years ago. No better examples can be found than in Canadian Penology. The Americans come up with a program. They give it a try and after a lengthy test period, they discard the program because it does not seem to work. Along comes the Canadian Plutocrat. He discovers the discarded American effort and thinks that it will fit perfectly into either the Divine or Canadian Scheme of Things. All he has to do is talk to several of his friends in the airport coffee shop, sometimes referred to as Skysnops, and the program will become law. Then for the next fifteen years the 'Gubermment' will make endless adjustment to try make the adopted baby grow. Stillborn. Sterile. Of course, it is but a product of American 'Imperialism'. The only good lesson to be learned from our Canadian Gubermment's policy of Adoption of Unsuccessful American Programs is - American History. At any given time we need only look at what our Gubermment is doing now, and we will have an accurate picture of American History up to and including fifteen years ago.

Now, to the pathetic cry from the Canadian people. We understand the Americans but they don't, DON'T understand us. We understand because of our resurrection of 'all' that never worked for them and they don't understand because of the Gubermment's policy of resurrecting all that has not worked. I can't blame the Americans, I don't really understand myself. I think that the Americans have been very tolerant with the Gubermment's of Canada's weirdo policy. WHO can really understand the mentality to drive a machine that can not even come up with it's own errors but is forced to rely on the previous errors of a distant - neighborb. Most import only goods of value. Gubermment imports all that is honor-bound to be unsuccessful. If it has a chance at working,

continued next page



BICENTENNIAL - continued from the last page

we don't want any thanks. We like our policy of picking up the unwanted discards of 'Big Brother', who, if he is watching us, is doing so with a very jaundiced eye.

This is not as useless as it sounds. If we ever want to know where our justice system is 'going', all we have to do is take a look at the system of our neighbors. The system they presently have now is not working. This is from their own mouths. They have said time and time again that it is not working. So, now you ask, where will the Canadian justice system be in fifteen years. Right where the American Justice System, that is not working, is TODAY. That makes good sense, after all, no one would like to think that our learned Gubermment would just outright adopt a non-functioning system. They are not that dumb. No, it will take fifteen years for a 'feasability study'. Then we will adopt. Something like the Children Aide Society making a prospective, parent study. Only in reverse. Now let us look at where we are going to be in fifteen years. But first a little history.

In 1776 there were no 'municipal police forces' and almost no prisons. If a person was a victim of a crime, he would have to find and even apprehend the offender himself. There were sheriffs who could and did make arrests but only when a 'warrant' was issued by the court. There was no such thing as probable cause, and if that was the only reason that the law had for being on your doorstep, they would either find themselves facing suit or being shot. Almost everyone was entitled to a trial by jury, but the jury, unlike today's jury, could settle questions of law as well as those of fact. Mob action was very prevalent in the 1780's. However it also was not the type of mob action that we know today. Such wonderful memories as the Boston Tea Party serve to illustrate that the normal form of mob action was planned insurrection the goal of which, was to change an undesirable situation. Property crimes were rare. Even during the course of mob action, the main thrust was towards the 'enemy' and not towards 'looting' and other forms of theft. Those sorry years saw a very low rate of property crime but the courts, politi-religious institutions, established by the church were less than uncrowded. Much of the court docket was taken for religious prosecutions. Most of the time for sexual crimes. The main sex crime of the era was common intercourse, out of the bounds of wedlock. This too, seemed somewhat of a cop-out. For it was not so much the crime of intercourse that was prosecuted but rather, unwed mothers were chased to the ends of the territories. That was the main form of proving guilt, and seemed to be a method by which the community could exonerate themselves. If it were found that the mother (unwed) had slipped and was a product of the devil's badness, then the people would not have to pay for the mother or child's upkeep. She could be thrown in prison for a while and then forced to leave the county, banishment. All this saving the town the cost of supporting and maintaining an unwed mother and child. There was a lot of value in pleading that 'the devil made me do it'. The wicked men, guilty a priora, were forced to flee when the heat came down or face such retched consequences as prison and support. Such sex crimes outnumbered property crimes six to one.

.....continued on the next page

In those brutal days punishment was quite severe. There were 16 different crimes that could receive the death sentence and in 1812 a youth in St. Johns was hung by the neck until dead for the simple theft of a loaf of bread. The hangman was serving a two year sentence for armed robbery and received a \$50 fee for performing the service for the community as well as receiving some time off his sentence for good behavior. Of course, the situation is more understandable when we realize that this was the first offence for the youth who was hung and the powers that be, were very wise and judicious in rendering the death penalty because they ensured that this young man would not thereafter be lead to a life of crime. He would not be dragged so low and thus would or could not bring the community a bad name. The hangman was on his second or third long prison sentence and, the actual hanging would not place any worse strain on his already guilty conscience so that it was not necessary for many to suffer when he could, unaided, do all of the dirty work.

There were also "MILD" forms of corporal punishment. If you start to wonder why the mild is in quotes and capitalized, it is because I am refering to a quote from a well-known, but still living Canadian who is very prominent in the Church and has long been striving for more humane conditions in our present prison system. The various forms of mild corporal punishment included, hanging by the thumbs, until you either repented or your thumbs fell off, might try that some time.

Mild also included some other dandies like being whipped with a "cat o' nine" and being put in stocks or the pillory. I understand that on several occasions those found guilty of minor offences were also stoned but I guess this is not too important because half of North America is stoned in one form or another these days. It should bring a sense of well being and inner confidence to know that only about half of the people convicted of criminal offences died as a result of the various types of punishment metted out. That is a pretty fair disposition because that left the other half to shaken to be recidivists or so cowardly that the next time that they felt the urge to commit a crime they rode out on a stolen horse to another county as far away as they could make it so that they wouldn't be considered second offenders and thus, the full wrath of the law would not descend on their unwitting heads. As our noted religious advocate says, "MILD" forms of corporal punishment were in effect.

Things got better, though. Pennsylvania made a great stride for more equalized justice in 1794 when it limited to one, the type of crimes, for which the death penalty could be used as punishment. Willful homicide was the One. This way only those thus convicted could be executed by the State. Of course, the offended citizenry could execute any that had offended it's morality but the state could only execute for willful homicide. This gave the bandit somewhat better chances. It was always advisable to get caught in a precinct that had a strong prison because it made it hard for the citizenry to break down the walls and drag the poor thief off to the nearest tree. If you were fool enough to be caught in an area that had no strong prison to protect you from lynching, then the state could not be held responsible. But a new day in criminal justice had arisen. Expressed poetically it

..... continued on the next page

BICENTENNIAL - continued from the last page

translates - the dawn puked the sun out of the sore throat of night.

Between 1837 and 1863, a new and 'wonderous' body was formed to ensure justice and equality for all (of it's members and any citizens that went along with the play). This 'new force' became known as police (or at least that is what the biggest of these humpbacks were called to their faces) because to call them otherwise was good for a kick in the face. But our modern political police-forces should not be judged by the, at times, dirtied record of their predecessors. After all, the first police force was instituted to walk up and down the streets and kick any who miss-behaved in the face. They were not really organized, lacked discipline and were hired primarily because no one else would take the job. Skill and training were not preequisites to employment. If one of their members - was found brutally beaten and laying in a back alley a concerned citizen would make an official report to the local precinct house the next time he was in town, which may as not be a week or two. That way, all was taken care of. The citizen had done his duty. After all, he had reported finding a half-dead copper in the ditch, but he didn't get a very good description and besides he was not responsible if his memory had failed him over the last week. But, as you all can see, things could not remain this way. Things had to be up-dated. It is very interesting to note that prior to the establishing of the first 'police-forces' property crimes were very low and that it was not until the 'police' were a well settled institution did the bandits come out of the wall and start to steal in earnest. Before the 'main' problem had been sex crimes (fornication, and leaving your curtains up, thus ruining the character of the neighbours who had to stand on a chair balanced on some books on top of a step ladder to see what foul deeds were being committed in your bedroom).

Early prisons functioned on the idea that solitude and time to reflect upon God, in the form of a black Gideons Bible, would right the wrongs in a man's soul and he would leave the prison rehabilitated. Well, if not rehabilitated at least he would be so frightened by the prospect of spending another 2 or 3 years sharing a six by four foot coffin with no less than a dozen sewer rats that he would not commit any more of his dispicable degeneracies. But it seemed that no matter which way society turned, it was destined to be thwarted in its hopes of rehabilitating those that were caught or those who lacked the influence once caught, to bribe their way out of the bad situation. So, more and more people were sent to prison. Thus came the downfall of the great system that might have developed into the thousand year reich. The whole prison system relied on the concept of solitude as a form of punishment. Too many persons were breaking the law. The prisons became overcrowded. Pssttt...solitude went out the barred window. How can you hold men in solitude when they are laying over all the floors seperated by only a few inches on either side? Oh well, prison was a good idea while it lasted. A new system had to be instituted. Prisons did not work. So the great western tradition that robbed the Indians of everything, the system that preyed on the weak, the system that raped the land as well as most of the women invented what is commonly referred to as the 'loony-bin'. This was a lot better than prisons any day.

.....continued on the next page

Those that ran them could really 'get in on the act' because those inside were no longer just greedy men and women but were in fact, lunatics. Therefore society did not have to protect their rights as they were crazy anyway. So if the managers of these luna-tic islands or is that asylums, something like that anyway, could abuse their charges in any way that they felt might serve either rehabilitation or their own diverse preversions (mostly the latter to be sure). But alas, these luna-bins became full also. You will notice, that in the late 1890's prosecution for sex crimes was almost eradicated from the books. I would not like to be the one that suggested that maybe they hired all those that were threatened by the law books(for various sexual crimes) at the luna-tic places. The deal might have been worked out as such, "alright pervert, either we put you in prison, or you agree to work at the Shabby-Nook-Luny-Tic-Island for the next five years." Good deal, instead of going to prison for your breach of the law, you get a free hand to commit all those acts society frowns upon in the privacy of your own asylum. A pervert heaven, if there is such a thing. But that could not remain either. Then civil righters got in there and brought up the standards. Made nuts and convicts equal - called them inmates, and thus insured equal treatment for all. Glory to progress.

Finally, after the lawless 30's, 40's, 50's, 60's and 70's, a change has been called for. In the immoral (strike that) immortal words of one or more of the modern prison reformationists - "We were wrong!" Nice going. Someone continued "We are coming to the unhappy realization that the police can rarely prevent crime. At best they can solve only a small fraction of offences." "We know that prison can not rehabilitate offenders." Gory be, now they tell me. I kind of suspected it all along, but who ever asks me, hell, I'm only here for the rehabilitation. No rehabilitation on my patotoes, it makes them sticky, thanks. I tried a little rehabilitation once....went back to women, a lot more satisfaction and a lot less bed sores.

But, are you people ready for the solution? It should really blow - a few minds. At least those that have minds left to blow. It will be the 'unreserved' answer to the 70's, at least what is left of them and surely the 80's will appreciate the legacy that we have entrusted to their care. And I quote - "character is still evolving, and in the decades ahead, may become many things, even less criminal." I think that means LEAVE THINGS ALONE - THEY MIGHT GO AWAY!

is this THE END?

Bill Haas
Bill Haas #3045
The Editor

NOTE: TO ALL STREET SUBSCRIBERS

There are certain irregularities that arise, that cause periodic fluctuations in our publication schedule. Your patience and cooperation in this matter is greatly appreciated. Thanks - EDITOR

Handwriting practice might have helped a Philadelphia Bank-robber. "I am a bank robber" he declared when the bank teller could not read his note. "I am a policeman" said another patron of the bank, arrested him, and carted him off to jail.

And then God said unto Moses, "Now put it back in the deck, anywhere."

A DEALER'S CHOICE

FICTION
By: Wally Marx

"The band, lousy and loud, gigs in a cellar. Chicks laugh in drunken stupor and ball the air with puffs of cigarette smoke while masturbating bottle necks to fizz gin and the like. It is two in the morning, a night still young and much the same as other nights but time to split before the grave of dawn buries what it is urging you to go and do.

"Leanin' already babe?" "Yeah, but only for a while." No need to worry over her act, it can be picked up later, she will always be around to be had. A drunken act like hers will not be missed as much as the chick whose game you have been playing on the sly. The one so foxy and boss it's worth waitin' and playin' position to cop her for a new ol' lady.

Ummmm, hmmm.....how clean the streets, not a soul in sight of the Milky Way streaking a deep purple sky, nor in ear-shot of a dog's bark echoing off dark tenements where a bottle rolls from the hands of a drunk causing spilled wine. Parked in the shadows of the "Red Barn Cafe" with dew covering the hood and roof is a Porsche. You get in and rev it up to five thou in third down alleys, one-ways leading to the Trans-Canada and away from all drunkenness.

Eighty, ninety, a hundred and twenty over pavement seems like skimming a choppy lake in a speed boat, and sounds as though a flag is whipping along side. A set by Isaac and a toke of Gold make the looming mountains seem capped of ice crystal so white you would like to lick every peak were they not as high as you feel free.

One tunnel....two tunnels....three tunnels....four, have you wondering how many men perspired blasting, shovelling and grading the road you are ripping off to go score.....mo-joe, the slave master....the devil-in disguise. Down, and a long way to go before reaching Vancouver, three hundred and eighty miles of bugs splattering the windshield, stomach cramps, stiff joints, yawns and vomit. Each curve seems sharper, longer and harder to turn with aching arms than the one before. Rests come on open stretches of highway, their tiring lengths cause you eyes to fall shut and open when hearing the gravel spit beneath the fender of the passenger side of the car. In a cold sweat you crank the wheel, the Porsche fish-tails onto solid blacktop scaring the hell out of approaching traffic and beating a ditch out of becoming a tombstone to a stone and another milk run.

Driving through the banana belt, near Kamloops in mid-July is a perspiring as stroking fire dressed in a sweat suit. Drained of strength by noon, you pull into the shade of two poplars and bear the heat skin-dipping in Lake Shuswap. Revived and temporarily refreshed you floor-board the 911 onwards. Reaching the freeway, ninety miles of gunning past all other cars snail pacing along at seventy and eighty, missing the beauty flowering within the Frazer Valley, it could be deser lying dormant for all you care, your aim is but to reach the end of a

..... continued on the next page

car congested road and do a number with a connection not see if fields yeild pretty flowers in the spring.

"Which room would you prefer, nine with a bath and view of Mt. Seymor, or room twelve without bath and facing Granvill?" "I like to be where, the action is, give me room twelve." "Will you be staying long?" "Yes-'til tomorrow." "Second floor to your right." "Thanks very much."

With the window open, the street hustle and bustle filters inside, an envelope full of bread stuffed under the radiator, you split to use a public phone rather than chance having a noisey switchboard operator listening in on the house phone. "Is Boyd in?" "Where have you been? Haven't you heard? The man ambushed and killed him while he was sitting in his truck reading a paper. Don't phone again unless you want to pick up the heat he had." Click. Too heavy a number for a mid-west adventure seeking small time operator like yourself who found it stimulating playing cat and mouse with the narcs back home. It seems that life is filled with too life consuming a game when ending up dead and buried 'neath shotgun pellets and slugs from 38's is the end. Death would be a state too choose for one who thought there is no difference between it and life. Knowing the great distance between two poles, you approach a man in need of a pair of new shoes and seemily hungry for the display of food in the delicatessen.

"Say, wanta make a fast ten bucks?" "Sure, but whatcha want me to do for it?" "Just rent me a room in the hotel over there, a room with a view of Mount Seymor."

"Hello, is this Butch?" "Yeah." "Have you seen Beaver around?" "No, nobody has since the mob enticed him out of a poker game. He's expected to pop up in a sewer at any time." "Jesus Christ! Don't anyone stay in action long enough to be scored from more than once?" "Some guys do (sniff). I know a dude (Sniff) lives up on Broadway, claims to have really good stuff (Sniff)." "I don't think I'll jump in on any, life is short enough as it is, don't want a dope trip to end it prematurely like it did Beaver and Boyd's." "Truck drivers and plumbers get killed to you know! A guy's time is up when it's up whether digging a ditch or lying down in it (Sniff). Look, I want you to have a meetwith my man and decide what you will do then. Where will you be in an hour?" "At the Bel's room nine." "See you later." He hung up sniffing a running nose, a sign of being wired to the nuts and in dire need of a fix.

A hot bath, shave, and change of clothes help one relax and devour an order of Chinese food and to nurse a miniture loaf of marzipan as cool and sweet scented breezes blow through an open window facing the gradual pine treed slope of majestic Mt. Seymor. Entranced and totally absorbed in the mess of rock, a faint knock on the door heralds you to answer it. "Who is it?" "Butch." As expected. You let him in to introduce the dude in action on Broadway.

"Butch vouched for you, says you're cool to deal with. I got sixty per stuff, capped and white with a regular tag on a horse. How many do you want?" Not so fast, you think to yourself, here is a guy talking big

.....continued on the next page

A DEALER'S CHOICE - continued from the last page

business without a diamond on his fingers nor a gold watch on his arm, but a cheap American made Electra. Claims to work a gold mine yet clay cakes his shoes. Suspecting a rip-off in the wind, you throw him a curve. "I want ten horses." "Whew, that's eighteen thou, a lot of cash. You got that much ready bread?" "No, but I want the lot for what I have." "how much is that?" "Twelve thou." "Alright, you got a deal, meet me on twelvth and the Way in half an hour." You throw another curve, see if he will strike out on it too, "I'd rather we deal right here on home turf where I have these walls for wagons and the hotel for a train." "Have it your way, will be back by four at the latest."

Broadway's action can't be so good that he can afford to throw away six thousand dollars without a fight and besides, what King would go out of his domain and cater to the peasants? Positive of a rip-off, you decide to miss watching dusk fall in with Mt. Seymour's shadow and ring room twelve. Placing the receiver on the ledge and not in the cradle, you leave the room, lock the door behind you, and answer the phone ringing down the hall in room twelve. You patiently sit and listen for whatever may transpire in the other room. Many people pass on the street below the dark and safe vantage point before you hear muffled voices on the phone.

"Look under the mattress while I go through the drawers, he can't be packin' all that bread, must've stashed it somewhere in his room."? Heeling pads of those on the wrong side of the law is an activity 'Broadway' appears to prefer over dealing in illicit drugs. Knowing jost lawbreakers do not call the law for help, he faces no risk of arrest, at the worst he may receive a beating if caught. Fearing that the room, for which you are responsible, will be torn apart, you holler into the phone.....

"Hey -- Butch." "What was that?" "I don't know...sounded as if someone's on the phone." "Butch, pick up the phone." "Hello?" "Got hungry waiting for you, grabbed a bite to eat. I'm down in the lobby, a bunch of narcs are down here and got the key for my room, must be out to ---- click ---- bust me." He hung up.

They are lucky that room nine is on the second floor and not on the tenth. They would have had to think twice before jumping out of a window higher up to avoid a bust for possession of burglar tools and a gun they left behind.

Awake, hearing the whine of busses, you dress and check out joining a throng of people streaming down the street to where the car is parked. The gas tank filled, the oil checked, and the windshield cleaned, you wheel the Porsche into heavy noon-day traffic and accelerate to where a foxy chick lays waiting.....what a rush.

.

"Don't take it personally. He says those things to every man he catches me in bed with!"

Dubious Achievement Award



SNITCHING

Great was the commotion just after Sara Jane Moore was arrested for firing a pistol 'in the direction' of President Ford when it was discovered that she had been an 'informant' for both the FBI and the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms. Newspaper opinion columns were clogged with hand wringing about the dangers of using informants of such low moral caliber and psychic volatility.

The din reached such a pitch that I found myself sketching out the sort of editorial The New York Times might have published after revelations of the role of Judas Iscariot in the events leading up to the Crucifixion. "While one may welcome the apprehension, of The Essene, reports that Mr. Iscariot, the informant responsible for the Essene's capture, was paid thirty pieces of silver and then committed suicide raise serious questions about the 'ethical' context of law enforcement in Jerusalem today....."

Hardly had the row about Sara Moore subsided before fresh uproar commenced with new indications about Lee Harvey Oswald's contacts with the FBI as he entered the terminal phase of his activities in Dallas. In both cases the cutting edge of the row naturally attacked the point that these informants had, allegedly, been involved in assassination

DUBIOUS ACHIEVEMENT AWARD - continued from the last page

bids. But behind this could be discerned a familiar unease about informants in general. That people largely do not like the idea of informants is amply evidenced by the slang terms for them: "snitch", "stool pigeon," "rat," or in the term I became familiar with at school "sneak". From this dislike, implanted in most families and most schools, stem dangerous illusions about the nature of law enforcement, particularly where the solution of criminal cases is concerned. This illusion goes back to the Sherlock Holmes syndrome. From the day Holmes used his powers of deduction to tell Watson that he was a doctor, had fought in Afghanistan, had a troublesome wound, and was married, people have always preferred to think that crime gets solved by something very vague but often referred to as "plain-old-fashioned detective work." Even though Woodward and Bernstein were frank enough about the role played by their snitch, Deep Throat, in the Watergate drama, commendations for their investigative achievements invariably emphasize the dogged investigation work of the two police reporters. Such cloudy phrases obscure the fact that the work mainly involved getting the people to snitch.

The whole public relations of law enforcement conspires to reduce understanding of the crucial role of the informer. In movies, detectives find clues, follow up leads and so forth. Snitches become transmuted into "undercover agents", "Secret operatives" and so forth. After Sherlock Holmes, J. Edgar Hoover was the prime culprit in fostering the illusion, even though in the end the immense balloon of the FBI's world of informants and spies eventually exploded under internal pressures and came crashing down into the light of day. Eyeing the FBI's record of the late sixties, people now say that simply there were excesses, that the Bureau's informants got out of hand, started encouraging or perpetrating the crimes they were meant to be reporting. Some go further and say that some FBI Agents got out of hand and started encouraging their informants to provoke illegal acts. This is an excersize of the "rotten apple" theory that avoids the central point that police work 'basically' involves not the prevention of crime, but the supervision of it.

The point can best be made by examining the process of drug enforcement. The narcotics investigator is not confronted, as in homicide or burglary, with a fait accompli. To tell him where the drug dealing is going on, he needs an informant. Furthermore, he needs the informant, to introduce him to the dealer. Since the informant will in most cases be an addict himself, the investigator has to finance or at least tolerate the informant's habit. The informant and the investigator move forward in tandem, in a relationship composed of suspicion, trust and black-mail, lubricated by cash.

At a low level the 'sums' involved seem quite trifling, with thirty or fifty dollars going to the informant irregularly, depending on the size of the bust. Dr. Peter Manning, who studied narcotics enforcement in one Middle Atlantic city on a grant from the National Institute of Law Enforcement and Criminal Justice, told me the annual city budget for informants was \$200,000 - for all departments. The police, in other

.....continued on the next page

words, did not have to much money to throw around. But into this local economy of informants came the Drug Enforcement Administration, which measures it's achievements in terms of the amount of drugs seized. As Dr. Manning put it, the D.E.A. has the problem of operating in limbo. It's agents are moved around to frequently to develop reliable informants. The D.E.A. does, on the other hand, have money. Since large-scale drug busts require the investigators to produce large amounts of cash, in order to attract major dealers, the economy of drug enforcement takes a huge leap forward. The informants find himself handling fifty thousand dollars instead of a hundred. He also finds himself being offered ten percent of the value of the amount of the drugs seized. Ultimately, the D.E.A. may have a dramatic seizure with which to make useful headlines, but in the meantime the level of tolerated dealing activity has risen sharply, since multiplication of drug enforcement agents leads to multiplication of informants, which of course entails multiplication of tolerated drug trafficking. Which was, in fact, one of the results of Nixon's war on crime.

At one meeting of the Drug Abuse Council in Washington last year, the academic researchers present were startled to hear a narcotics detective from Baltimore claim that his department had eight hundred informants on its books. The only conclusion that they could draw from this huge figure was that the police had merely placed all the drug dealing in the city under official sanction. The only victims were the few dealers too foolish or unlucky to get this legal backing.

To justify toleration on such a level the Federal Agents have constantly to hold out the prospect of ever more enormous hauls. To get near such hauls, they need even more informants, and ever much more money. Labouriously the agent and the informer toil away at the unending task till eventually they have achieved a total monopoly of the drug activity in the area. This is the policeman's dream, for in a totally regulated crime environment there are no mysteries. Of course victims have to be found to assuage public hunger for results. Hence, the informer will 'denounce' somebody else or face the option of having himself betrayed by his superintending agent. Thus the vastly increased use of informers in the "war of drugs" has produced some troubling results. Under Federal law no corroboration is now needed for an informant's testimony. Under many state laws, independent corroboration is required. And since, apart from cash payments or the supply of drugs, the recruiting of an informant is achieved by indicating that charges against him might be dropped or reduced, the pressure on the informant to denounce somebody - anybody - is always there, and as the number of informants increases, so does the possibility of injustice.

In the case of the FBI the monitoring of racial groups started with the recruitment of informers of the dispatch of infiltrators who reported back to their superiors. But to have total control of all specific criminal activity within it: the only way to achieve this is to have your agent or 'informant' commit crimes or at least propose them. Once again, given the lust for self-preservation of all men and all bureaucratic bodies, the ambition not to end criminal activity, but to supervise it and bring it under control.

Excerpts taken from an essay on Informants by: Alexander Cockburn, 1976
"Is it any wonder that informants are despised the world over? Remember old Judas?"

Well girls, once again we are into a darling, delightful summer. Its so exciting to once again experience the time of year, when all the men are lounging around the yard with their shorts on and chests bare. Isn't the sight and musky smell of masculinity, simply thrilling? It makes my knees tremble and almost puts me in a swoon.

The summer offers such an oppotunity for us girls. During the long - and unbearably cold winter months everyone is all bundled up and we aren't able to see the real package under all the wrapping. Now, with the Summer Parade, all the "straights" are OUT and we can pick and choose. Don't ever ridicule the "straights" girls, because without them all we would be is just a bunch of "Frustrated Lesbians".

Bad news this month, we have lost Sister Gertrude Gobble for a few weeks. It seems that the shopkeeper opened the washroom door at the wrong time. There to his suprize (and probably excitement) was Gertie, and her man. It was heard, through the grapevine, that Gertie told the court that she was only sewing a button on her friends fly and really was biting the thread when the door opened. The court told her that the next time she tried, sic, to bite the thread, she should remember to take her teeth out of her pocket. (The teeth were entered in the case as Exhibit A). Cheer up Gertie, three weeks is not all that long. You will be out before you know it.

Seen on the desk in the change room - a requisition to the stores - 4 one "set of knee pads". Knee pads, when received, will be issued to Sister Edith Eadit. Since arriving here, five months ago, Edie has worn the knees out of 6 pairs of pants. The laundry feels that it would be cheaper to issue her the pads, as the stock of pants is dwindling. God, Edie what are you, oversexed or something? Take it easy honey. Something like this could give us a bad name.

Must close for now, but will be back next issue. Same page, same topic. Until then, remember what I always say "When your eyes are towards the pillow, what does it matter what the man's face looks like?"

"Circumcision is a Rip-Off." "Power to the Flower (Girls)."

Staff Writers: Gloria Goedown
Ms. Lotta Brown

* * * * *

Flynn's wife opened the door for her husband when she heard him having a bad time trying to get the key on the lock. "Soused again, are you?" she said. "Never mind that. Tell me quick. How high is a penguin!?" "You're nuts. About two feet. Why?" demanded Flynn's wife. "Thank, the Lord!!! I thought that I ran over a nun."

* * * * *

At a recent seance contacting the departed, "Damn it Martha, our marriage agreement reads 'until death do we part.' Now leave me the hell alone!"

* * * * *

STRICTLY PERSONAL

by: Sydney J. Harris

Do you have the 'slightest' idea of what would happen if all the judges in the country got "tough" with criminal offenders, and if all the district attorneys decided to stop plea-bargaining?

No, you don't, which is why the average citizen keeps yammering about "crack down on the criminals". What would happen is that first, we would have to build 10 times as many prisons as we already have.

Since it already costs as much to keep one convict in prison per year as to send a child to a first-rate college, our budget for penology would balloon not merely 10 times, by 20 times - because we have to pay for the new buildings and facilities and guards and bureaucrats as well.

Secondly, we would need to have many more courts and judges to handle the cases - for, as sentences become stricter, more and more defendants opt for jury trials; and many demands for jury trials would back up the whole jurisprudence system by three or four years at least. Meanwhile, witnesses would disappear, and cases evaporate.

Plea-bargaining today is not a device to make criminals happy - but simply to keep the courts and prisons unclogged; some 90 per cent of cases are plea-bargained because there is nothing else to do with them.

Half of the total budget for a city or county could easily go for maintaining the police, court and prison system if we handed down mandatory sentences to everyone accused of a specific crime. And if we kept them behind bars as long as some people

would like to, our prison population could easily exceed our college population.

This IS the state we are in and no 'reform' of any kind is going to help it. There is something basically rotten in our whole concept of crime and punishment. When we find ourselves overwhelmed by the former and ineffectual in the latter.

A high crime rate is always a symptom of a severe breakdown in community life. You cannot lower the rate by putting more men in prison for longer terms; for when they get out, 75 per cent of them will go right back in again. And most will be worse when they get out again.

We need a total re-examination, and complete over-hauling of the entire approach to the problem. All our present system does is impose a terrible and frustrating burden on the police, the prosecutors, the courts, the wardens, the guards - and the taxpayers. Not to mention making a total mockery of our "rehabilitation" programs and policies.

SOLEDAD STAR NEWS

Ohio has become the sixth state to decriminalize the private possession and use of small amounts of marijuana. The law prescribes a ma. civil fine of \$100-- for possession of less than 100 grams or for giving another person up to 20 grams without charge. Sale of pot remains a felony carrying penalties of up to 15 years in prison and \$7500 fine for amounts over 600 grams, and the growing of marijuana in any amount, is punishable by up to 5 years and a \$2500 fine for the first conviction, with the penalties doubled on the second offense.

CAN A.A. HELP YOU IN PRISON?

Yes! If you want it to. As long as you have an honest desire to quit drinking and want to change your way of life, then A.A. is the program for you. When I first came in here, I knew that I would have to quit drinking in order to live properly and stay out after my release. I was quite sure that I could do this on my own, without any help. Especially A. A. After talking to a couple of guys who were in A. A. I decided to go to a meeting and see what it was all about. I'm glad I did! After attending a few meetings I realized that drinking was not my only problem. If I could change this, then I would have no reason to drink. We have a saying in A. A. that goes like this: "quitting drinking is the easy part, changing your life is the hard part." How true! Without this program I honestly believe that I could not change myself, and therefore, drinking.

A few guys have asked me, aren't you a little young to be an alcoholic? I then ask them, how old do you have to be to become one? Naturally, they don't have an answer to that one. Through this program I have come to realize that I probably was an alcoholic when I had my first drink. That was quite awhile ago and I have had lots of misery since.

Alcoholism is a disease. A.A. does not cure it. There is no cure for Alcoholism. A. A. teaches us how to live comfortably without alcohol. As long as you are taking the medicine, which is A.A., the disease is arrested, but stop taking the medicine, then the disease will continue.

For you fellows who believe they have a drinking problem, why not give A. A. a chance? Attend a few meetings and find out for yourself. We have three meetings a week. The Native Brotherhood Group meets every Tuesday, at 6:30 p.m. The "Novalco" Group, (beginners), also holds their meetings every Tuesday night at 6:30 p.m. Every Friday night, there is a "Nor-Kel" meeting at 6:30 p.m. Everyone is welcome to attend one or all meetings. All we ask, is that you have an honest and sincere desire to quit drinking.

Written by: "An Alcoholic"

* * * * *

TO THE CIA

Our present to you now can be revealed;
We hope that it is not lacking in tact.
Some brand-new initials to put on your shield
Your 'Old Ones' were Caught In the Act.

Newly married wife to husband: "I'm going to hate myself in the morning. I have never "given it" away before."

Two bank robbers in Cincinnati were using an acetylene torch on a night-deposit box accidentally set the bank notes inside on fire. The blaze triggered an alarm that brought the firemen and police, who promptly arrested and carted off the mishappen robbers.

PROPOSED GUN CONTROLS CALLED HASTILY DRAFTED, IN RESPONSE TO SHOOTINGS

Ottawa (CP) - Firearms and Responsible Ownership (FARO), which says it represents one third of the country's gun clubs, said Wednesday that gun control provisions in the Federal "Peace and Security" Bill were hastily drafted in response to high school shootings last year in Brampton and Ottawa, Ontario. FARO spokesman joined the Canadian Wildlife Federation, which appeared Tuesday night, in telling the Commons justice committee that the proposed controls should be scrapped.

John Crossingham of St. Catherines, FARO's lawyer, said the bill is directed towards cities. Outside the major cities it was irrelevant. Mr. Crossingham said it was the product of a "Jaws" mentality. "Someone yells 'shark' and everyone panics. Someone in Brampton or Ottawa gets shot and it is the same thing.

Two more organizations representing shooters are to appear before the committee Thursday. Mr. Crossingham agreed with George Baker - (L-Gander-Twillington) that the Criminal Code as it stands is adequate - to deal with gun abuse. "I don't fear for my personal safety under the present regime," he said. "I've read about Brampton, I've read about Ottawa, I don't feel that the bill will change these things."

Last fall in Ottawa a youth bought a shotgun, sawed off the barrel and killed a teenage girl in his room. He then went to school and shot several students, one fatally, in religious class before turning the gun on himself. Under the proposed law, he would have to get a gun licence signed by two guarantors testifying to his physical, mental and emotional health. Defenders of the Bill said that such a delay might have averted the tragedy.

In Brampton, a 17-year-old student, who couldn't have got a licence to buy a gun or ammunition under the bill, took weapons from his parents home and, also without warning, went to school where he killed another student and a teacher before shooting himself. A number of students were wounded.

Ross Milne (L-Peel-Dufferin-Simcoe), whose riding includes Brampton, objected to FARO's description of those who want firm gun controls as "small, rather paranoid urban pressure groups." Many Brampton residents had turned guns in after the shooting here. Mr. Milne asked whether FARO supported Government encouragement of this.

When R. H. Campbell, the group's secretary-treasurer, said citizens can turn in guns now, Mr. Milne replied; "Not necessarily, when you have police selling the guns." Bob Brisco (PC - Kootenay West) had said earlier the program to encourage people to turn in guns might mean that widows would be bilked out of valuable antique guns by unscrupulous collectors.

G. Jones, FARO president, said gun collectors are worried that antiques and curios will be destroyed in the collection program. Mr. Crossingham, who doesn't own a gun, said that the Bill's worst feature is that it introduces extensive regulatory power to the Criminal Code.

Vancouver Sun - Submitted by: Bill Bracey.

SOMEONE IN PARTICULAR

If my kisses hurt you
then hurt me.

My tears are your tears.
A full hand my heart's dream,
I cling to you like
foam to a wave.....

My eyes are glued - Eros.
Frown and I see
winter, Smile and spring's
buds burst forth.

Summer's peach a shame
to your silken lips;
My left hand let him
overflow -

Dorean - my boy
Each song has got
it's refrain.

"Either you shut up when your
friends ogle your slave boy -
or you get rid of those girl
ish Granymedes. Anyone who's
all for love, and gets a lit-
tle drunk eyes the boys - men
are like that, and if you do-
not want it, go somewhere that
is loveless, and windless and
drink with Tiresius and Tant-
ilus! Ones blind as a bat and
the other sees it all."

Burnt out!

I can't sleep alone anymore!

Lips like grapes,
fill my cup with kisses,
Thrice happy the ships,
Thrice lucky the seas
Four times blessed the wind
That carries my Boy
home to Me.

It is a Lad I love;
Someone in particular.

A hair or two on the leg
is one thing,
quite Another elsewhere?

Summers soft down
Autums dry Stubble SOON.

Lovely to look at,
Delightful to hold,

Heavenly to kiss,

This YEAR -

But, what about NEXT?

DAB

ASHES OF CONVICTS

Ashes of convicts
south or north
the war resumes
and again
the advances of forces
NOISELESS

as mists and vapors,
from their graves
ascending in the cells
In wafted clouds,
or squads
of twos or threes,
or single ones,
they come.

And silently
gather round me,
With knives drawn
and glistening,
and clubs by
their thighs.

But I am cautious....
admitting around me
brothers, close
unseen by the rest,
voiceless.....

The slain alive again
the dust and debris alive
I chant this chant
of my silent soul,
in the name

of ALL dead convicts.
faces so pale
with wonderous eyes
very dear...gather closer
yet,

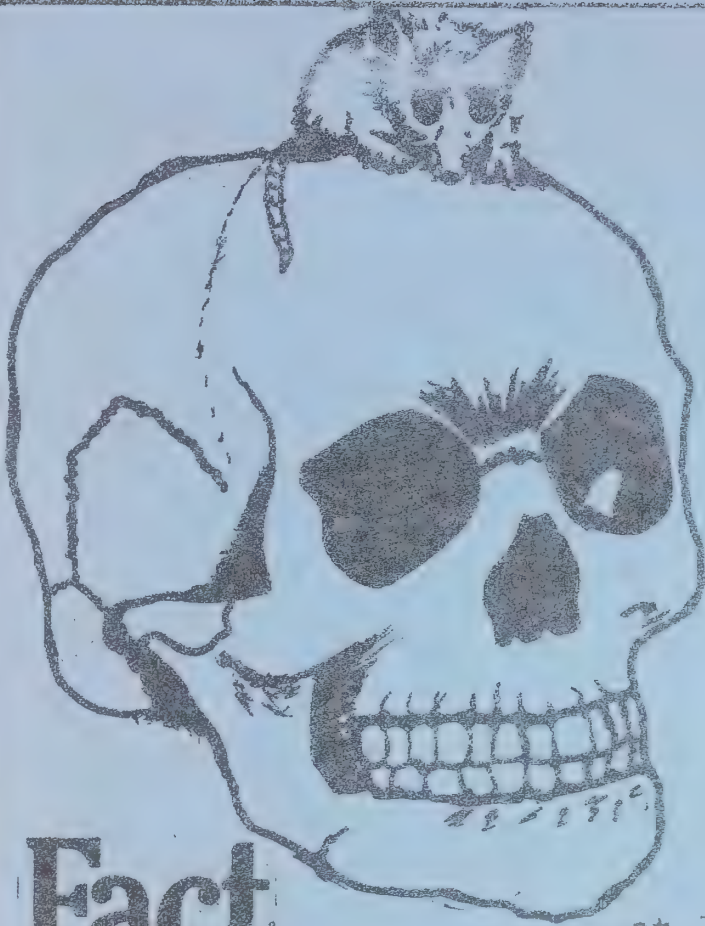
DRAW CLOSE, but speak not!
Phantoms of the
countless lost,
Invisible to the Rest,
- henceforth -
become my champions,
follow me ever,
dessert me not,
while I live.....

Craig Meyers 76

"If some people ate
their hearts out it
would break their teeth"

"Marriages are made in heaven
but so are thunder and lightning"

Reconsidering the Death Penalty



Fact

Over the years there has been a great many discussions surrounding the validity and/or the use of the death penalty. Intellectuals have come from right and left field carrying their brief-cases stuffed to overflowing, with relevant data to support their individual premises and/or conclusions. One of the 'most quoted' sources for both the retentionists and the abolitionists is the good, old, sometimes Holy, Bible. It is good to see that both 'sides' are at least using the same source, though at times, I wonder just how good the source can be when it is effectively used to back both sides of an entirely different coin. All of the previous arguments aside - there is only one vital question,

at least in my opinion, that must be resolved, before the question of the death penalty can be laid to rest.

"What is the value of Human Life?"

The 'medical value' is set somewhere around \$5.42! This used to be only one dollar something but inflation has caught up all across the board so the body is worth more now than ever before. However, the average person will dismiss,

The calendar of historical memory demands a listing of great dates, but to celebrate great moments does not mean we should be dictated by them. America's contribution to the marriage of liberty and law - is too complex to be reduced to the simplicity of a birthday song.

On Law Day, on May 1st, what will you be celebrating?

almost immediately, that life, or the worth of life can be measured by the medical value of the dead parts. There are some that would become enraged if another 'seriously' suggests that the body's worth can be so set. Alright, let's try for a fair market price. Hmmm, let's see, beef presently sells for an average of \$1.50 per pound. Considering pork prices as well, that makes the human body worth about \$75.00 on the hoof or \$120.00 cleaned and dressed. That is a little better than one, blue, five-dollar piece-of-paper. But somehow, I always had the opinion that I was worth much more than that. In fact, if I were

asked to put a price on human life, I would be hard pressed to even talk a monetary figure because

...continued...

200 YEARS OF LIBERTY & LAW

RECONSIDERING THE DEATH PENALTY - continued from the last page

I don't see how money will be any good after death. I think that the average person will join me in saying that the value of human life can not be measured in terms of money and/or the products that money will buy?

What is the value of Human Life?

The other side of the coin is clearly visible when we go to war. A recent policing action, war, in Vietnam showed that life is worth very little; provided of course as long as it is not your life. A people will travel twelve thousand miles to fight a war that they do not have the faintest thing to gain from, and most had no idea what it was about either. There, on the steaming jungle paths, countless young lives poured out and seeped through the insect covered undergrowth. God, was collecting many souls on that path. The oligarchy spared nothing in it's efforts for triumph, except their own skins. But the people rose up, they opposed this senseless waste of precious life and so the war was finally brought to an end. Once again the value of human life became the foremost consideration.

What is the value of Human Life?

There is another way of looking at this question. Maybe we should consider the idea that some human life is worth more than other human life. That is to say that those individuals who contribute great services to society, mankind or whatever, should be given first consideration when it comes to the preservation of life. After all, garage mechanics and masons are a dime a dozen and Einsteins retail much higher. Presumably some offer greater service to mankind, but if this is to be a criterion of value, then we will have to re-evaluate just precisely what is of service and what is in fact, a disservice. It may be that some that appear to be serving mankind are in fact causing more and greater grief than some even imagine. Let's invent another bomb.

What is the value of Human Life?

I think that one life is as important as the next. All Human Life is sacred and should be held in the highest place of esteem. Human life can not be replaced. Once it is forfeit, it is gone. That is the END. Gone, gone, gone! And when considering the answer to the present debate on the Death Penalty, we should look towards our government, our citizens, and our hearts, to see if the best way to maintain the value of Human Life is to execute - murder - those that are guilty of murdering others. Surely, that is the example, we as a whole, we as a united people, wish to set. For it is by our collective values that the strength of our country rests. We must teach our children, and in a few cases, our adults, the RIGHT way to do things. With this in keeping, I would suggest that our children will judge not our WORDS but rather, our DEEDS. If we wish to prove the upmost value of Human Life, then our actions must illustrate it's sanctity. To retain the DEATH PENALTY as a form of VENGEANCE is a vote for the worthlessness of Human Life. Your vote must count. You must step up and place your IDEA on the ballot. Abolition shows that Human Life is, in fact, worth more than all else, for if we persist in our goals even to the extent of protecting the life of someone that has taken a life, then we must truly hold life sacred.

What is the Value of Human Life?

A vote for abolition is a vote for the upmost value of Human Life. Human Life is worth more than anything else, and nothing can be made to pay for Human Life. Especially not VENGEFUL MURDER.

MONEY TALK - CANTEEN NEWS

Listed below is a comparrison of our prices with those paid at Soledad Prison in California. There are several differences between the two canteens. First, Soledad has a Master List of 206 items, not to mention that Panasonic Teli-visions and Transistor radios appear on their canteen list. See how our prices stand up to theirs:

Item	Their Price	Our Price	Difference
Razor, Track II	\$2.95	\$2.35	- .60¢
Razor, Blades	.89	.93	+ .04
Deodarant, Dryad	.90	1.10	+ .20
Head & Shoulders	1.05	1.46	+ .41
Soap, Irish Spring	.35	.26	- .09
Toothpaste, Colgate	.60	.60	--
Coffee, Freeze Dried	1.96	2.20	+ .24
Tea Bags	.25	.33	+ .08
Candy Bars	.15	.16	+ .01
Ritz Crackers	.60	.53	- .07
Cookies	.99	.89	- .10
Sliced Cheese	.70	.70	--
Sugar Cubes	.40	.34	- .06
Drinking Tumblers	.30	.54	+ .24
Ball Point Pens	.19	.14	- .05
Writing Tablets	.55	.63	+ .08
Pall Mall Cigarettes	.42	.35	- .07
Cigarillos	.30	.29	- .01
Amphora Tabacco	.35	.55	+ .20
Cigarette Papers	.05	.06	+ .01

A sample shopping trip was made, like they do in all those fancy consumer reports things, to determine just what the comparative purchasing power would be when comparing their joint with ours. The canteen order included:

10 Pall Mall cigarettes	1 pk. razor blades
1 Deodarant	1 tube Head & Shoulders
1 Irish Spring Soap	1 freeze dried Coffee
1 pk. of Tea	5 Chocolate bars
2 lbs. of Sugar	

This was thought to reflect a fair selection for a sample canteen purchase. The total purchase price for the Sample Canteen was the same at both Institutions totalling \$ 11.15 .

WATCH OUT. The Post Office is coming for its pound of blood. FOR SURE. September 1, 1976 there will be an increase, another January 1, 1977. Postage will be going up, For Sure, to 10¢ from the present 8¢ so that will mean that we will be paying 13¢ for a 10¢ stamp and envelope. If the price of Government envelopes rises anymore, we may be well advised to look towards the idea of buying envelopes by the package, at an approximate cost of 1¢ per envelope, and then glue on our own stamps so that we will save 2¢ in the transaction. This would mean that even though the price of the postage will have gone up by two cents we can still only pay 11¢ for the postage and the envelope.

Just in case you are curious, a Panasonic 562U, T.V. is \$98.60 and an FX Panasonic 208 Radio is \$43.50 on the Soledad canteen list. Thats just for those that are interested.

THE BLUE KNIGHT JOB

As the screenwriter conceived it, a gang of bandits with a bazooka mounted in the back of a white van tries to hijack an armoured car full of money. In a recently televised episode of "The Blue Knight", a Hollywood-made, cops-and-robbers series, the caper came a cropper. But on April 5th real life crooks proved far more adept than fictional ones. In down-town Montreal, masked holdup men used an anti-aircraft gun - also mounted in the back of a white van - to hijack a Brink's armoured car. The gang made its escape with \$2.8 million in cash, the biggest robbery in the history of the 117-year-old, U.S. based firm.

The Montreal hijacking was carried off with military precision. At 2:40 pm, the money laden Brink's truck was parked on Dollard Street, an alley beside a branch office of the Royal Bank of Canada. Three guards had gone inside to pick up another shipment of money, leaving driver Gilles Lachapelle alone at the wheel. A half-ton van eased in behind the Brink's truck, blocking its escape, while a little white Econoline backed up in front. The rear doors of the Econoline burst open, and inside two men crouched behind sandbags, aiming a 50-caliber World War II machine gun, straight at the astonished Lachapelle.

MONEYBAGS: Another bandit, armed with a revolver, forced the driver to open the door of the cab. The gunman hopped in, tore out the two-way radio microphone and forced Lachapelle under the dashboard. Then he and an accomplice drove the Brink's truck off behind the Econoline, abandoning the other Van in the alley. Before anyone at the bank knew what had happened, the bandits sped, unnoticed, to Nun's Island, south of the city. There they transferred 89 bags of money into a waiting getaway car, ditched the Econoline and the Brink's truck and disappeared. "It was the biggest robbery in Montreal", marveled police inspector Jean-Claude Rondou. "It was really professional."

Chagrined spokesman for Brink's said that Lachapelle - who was left unharmed by the bandits - might have foiled the robbery had he only ducked to the floor and refused to open the door. "He's not suppose to open the door for anyone, not even the police," said one official. But detectives took a different view. "If you are looking down the barrel of an anti-aircraft gun, you would do the same thing," said one. "He saw the big 'cannon' in front of him, so he opened the door." According to police, the Browning machine gun used in the heist was manufactured in Syracuse, N.Y. in 1940. But clues to the identity of the bandits are few, and tracking them down would not be easy since most of the loot was in small, untraceable bills. "They might be from anywhere," remarked Rondou. The detectives assigned to head the search for the bandits, Jean-Louis Helie, was also aware that the job he faced was a tough one. "We have lots of leads, but not one good one," the thirty-nine year old lieutenant admitted. "There are twenty good crooks in Montreal that could pull a job like this one," he said.

Lieut. Helie discounted the possibility that the robbers patterned their hold-up after the television show. "This job was planned to far in advance for that," he maintained. Still, other Canadians remained convinced that the Bandits had taken the cue from "The Blue Knight" - and improved the plot sufficiently enough to make away with the record breaking haul.



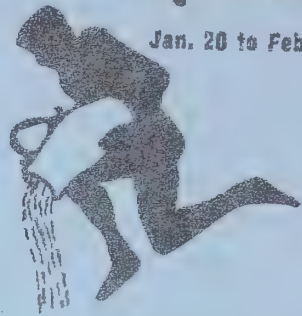
SAGITTARIUS

Nov. 22 to Dec. 21



CAPRICORN

Dec. 22 to Jan. 19



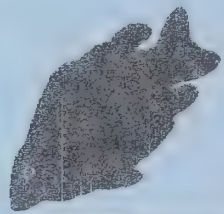
AQUARIUS

Jan. 20 to Feb. 18



SCORPIO

Oct. 24 to Nov. 21



PISCES

Feb. 19 to March 20



LIBRA

Sept. 23 to Oct. 23



ARIES

March 21 to April 19



VIRGO

Aug. 23 to Sept. 22



TAURUS

April 20 to May 20



LEO

July 23 to Aug. 22



CANCER

June 22 to July 22

GEMINI

May 21 to June 21



AQUARIUS - You are very nice though a little wet around the ears. You tend to be warm, easy going, and have the best interests of others at heart. You always try to do what is best. Some call you a sucker, others think that you are a mark. Because of your generosity you will never amount to anything or own great wealth because you always give it away. Others get a kick out of taking advantage of your generosity.

PISCES - You are thought of as a provider. As far as providers go this is probably a good thing. However, you should never get married and might be well advised to think strongly about becoming a homosexual as you are likely to give your wife everything. That is the way those providers are, you know. Easy marks for women.

ARIES - You have strength and will back-down from no situation no matter how insurmountable the odds. You will never say die. While you think of yourself as fearless, others think of you as dumb, though they will admit you are courageous. They think it is very stupid to fight for something that is worthless. Don't be disheartened, USA will probably start another war soon and you will be able to go and do your patriotic duty and get your dumb head blown off.

TAURUS - You are highly creative. You like to paint and sculpt and at times create things of great beauty and lasting monuments to our times. Only very few Taurus's manage to do such things, while the remainder, content themselves with creating a mess out of everything that the people let them touch. Others feel like choking you because you usually interfere with things that are none of your business.

GEMINI - Because of reading your horoscope before you have come to feel that you are superior. Unfortunately, others do not share your high opinion of yourself. They think that you are prone to putting on airs and that you are so damn conceited that it is very hard for them to be around you without becoming filled with utter loathing. You have a chip on your shoulder and there are twenty lined up that wish to knock it off.

CANCER - You have often been described as being versatile. This has served you well, in the past, but others are beginning to realize that the word versatile, really means being good at getting out of trouble. And, in most cases, they get the blame if they are hanging around you for the trouble that you started. Others think that you are a shithead for always passing the blame.

LEO - Have you ever heard of a friendly lion. It is kind of like asking a hooker if she has V.D. You parade around all smiles and really put on a good act at being friendly. This is because you think that you are the King of the jungle. Others wonder if you are the King or the Queen of the 'jungle' and a number of the plain ordinary folks are getting it together, to make the King a eunuch. Have you ever heard a King that talked in a falsetto before?

VIRGO - There you go, feeling self righteous again. One of these days you will be found out. When people complement you in public as being as clean as the "driven snow", have you ever wondered what they mean? Well, think about it. About fifty cars, two busses, and a dump truck have "driven" through the snow that they are referring to. You also tend to think that you are smart. You are mistaken.

LIBRA - Your head is also filled with all that artistic crap. For so long you have been reading horoscopes that said you believed in justice and were very artistic that you started to believe that sort of stuff and really took it to heart when someone pointed out that you were really a snob. You are a professional. Now if you think that is good, remember last month, we pointed out that you should become a professional hooker, if you are a female and try hustling homo's if you are a male. All of your other repugnant characteristics aside, you are a fag, and will die of brain disease, VD, or worse.

SCORPIO - Sense you are so AWARE, there is really no need for you to be reading this column because you should already know what it is going to say. As it is, no-it-all, you still have your eye glued looking for yet more compliments. Wrong sign for compliments. I don't think that there is one nice thing that can be said about Scorpio people except that they are usually schizophrenics.

CAPRICORN - Diffinitive; or more accurately lacking any formal definition. You have no backbone and are unable to stand on your own legs. You cling to people, you mouch off of others. They instinctively dislike you because at the bar you will never pay for a round when it is, your turn, leaving that, what you feel to be, unpleasant duty for someone else to do. You think that others look up to you because of your cunning nature, but what you fail to realize, is that others have caught on: they realize that you are standing on a set of stairs and they no longer think that is very cunning. The RCMP are investigating you for narcotics peddling, homosexual assault, and subversion. When they are finished with you, I wonder if you will still think that you are really cunning. Others will probably feel sorry for you and you are niave enough to think that this is good.

"Have you been wondering just what sign the person that writes this guck is? Have you tried to figure out just what field he is coming from. You have probably already labelled him as being a commi fag but we can assure you that he does not work for the government. If you really want to know his birth sign - be sure to look for this column in next month's issue when he will give you more of the same garbage.. Remember: If you don't find your sign, then you probably weren't born.

Los Angeles is having a mess of trouble with a "bra-less" bandit. She's a girl, with a male accomplice, staged a number of bank hold-ups during which she wore a see-through blouse and no bra. This distracted witnesses so much that none gave an accurate description of her face - or her accomplices.....

Quite sedate were several bears near Wallace, Idaho, after gorging themselves on grain and corn which had spilled over an embankment after some freight cars overturned. Rain had fermented the grain and officials reported the bears were walking around in a daze. The area of spillage is known as Loop Creek.

Two men were arrested when they tried to have a phony perscription filled in a drugstore in South Sound, Washington. The druggist told police that he became suspicious when he found that he could easily read the handwriting on the form. Police notified druggists in the area to be on the look-out for customers bearing legible perscriptions.

MOVIES OF THE YEAR

NAME OF MOVIE	RATING
The French Connection II	4
The Godfather II	4
Nashville	4
Return of the Pink Panther	4
Scenes From a Marriage	4
A Woman Under the Influence	4
Alice Don't Live Here Anymore	3½
Amarcord	3½
And Now My Love	3½
A. Rubinstein - Love of Life	3½
Bite The Bullet	3½
A Brief Vacation	3½
Day of the Locust	3½
Farewell My Lovely	3½
The Front Page	3½
The Gambler	3½
Gold	3½
Hearts and Minds	3½
Janis	3½
Jaws	3½
Lucien Lacombe	3½
Lancelot of the Lake	3½
Law and Disorder	3½
Lenny	3½
Les Violons duBal	3½
Love and Death	3½
Murder on the Orient Express	3½
The Passenger	3½
Prisoner of Second Avenue	3½
Report to the Commissioner	3½
The Three	3½
The Towering Inferno	3½
Young Frankenstein	3½
Benji	3
Colley High	3
Earthquake	3
The Four Musketeers	3
The Great Waldo Pepper	3
Rafferty & the Gold Dust Twins	3
Stavisky	3
The Trial of Billy Jack	3
The Abdication	2½
Airport 75	2½
Breakout	2½
The Dove	2½
The Drowning Pool	2½
The Eiger Sanction	2½
The Fortune	2½
Hennessy	2½
In Celebration	2½
Mandingo	2½
Night Moves	2½
Night Porter	2½
Posse	2½

Rollerball	2½
Shampoo	2½
Tommy	2½
White Line Fever	2½
At Long Last Love	2
The Klansman	2
Once is Not Enough	2
Rosebud	2
The Savage is Loose	2
Shelia Levine is Dead and Living in New York	2
Stepford Wivies	2
The Happy Hooker	1
Macom County Line	1

Rating=Points Awarded by Critics

Deck Of Memories

Sitting alone
in stripped gloom
playing solitaire
with a deck of memories

Gather them
stack them
shuffle them
split them.....

Deal them out
in horizontal rows
and attempt to put
them in order.....

Slyly - peek at
the bottom of the pile
it won't help -
it is a dead card!

Vainly trying
to set
the red -
against - the black

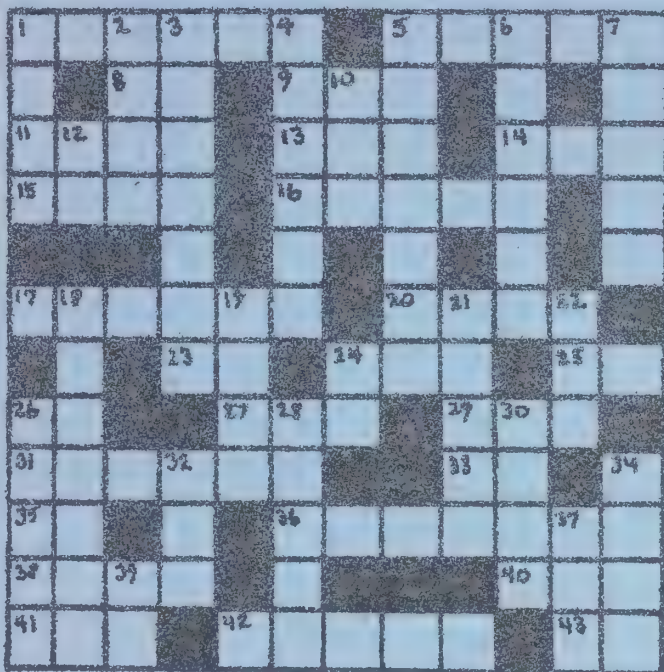
Slide one row aside from another
however long you replay
it never seems
to end.....

I stop then
and ask myself
am I playing
with a Full Deck?

J. Weir - Reprint from Terminator

WORDSEARCH

two great hobbies



ACROSS:

1. Arrested
5. Like 1 across, but after the lawyer
8. Secret society in joint, abr.
9. Down south - abbrev.
11. Do this at exercise time
13. Something they could use at pine grove
14. We all have one of these to do
15. Watch your's when the "man" is around
16. Newspaper, TV, Radio, or middle
17. Something you won't leave if you are wearing gloves
20. Game's over, you lose
23. Fight, or starters command
24. You get - or he gets you
25. Stick-up - abbrev.
26. Short for a kind of high
27. Young'uns in here
29. --- Murray, or of Green Gable
31. How the cops got the goods & the guys
33. Spanish affirmative
35. Use when 'a' won't do
36. Up tight situation, 3 words
38. Cop out phrase, 2 words

40. Health spot
41. Acid for bat(tery) in belfry
42. Hide in the usual place
43. Western Railway line - abbrev

DOWN

1. Lots of these around here
2. Identical
3. The cops are doing a lot of this, so did Nixon
4. Shut up, con style
5. Mexican Gunman
6. You're out, but your money is in - 2 words
7. The last part of a B&E
10. Poker word
12. You are doing this when you are doing copper, abbrev.
18. Are usually in custody now
19. Smoke from pipe or joint
21. phrase in bridge or when offered a bad deal
22. You might get one this sum
24. Civil Defense - abbrev.
26. Track or fall behind
28. Stupid one
30. Little bites or drinks
32. Every Kid has one
34. --- rhymes with man
37. The man in Ontario - abbrev.
39. Stuff in wallet, not the cash

by Jeff



VIEWS ON PAROLE

FULL LENGTH
FEATURE ARTICLE

there are many differing views as to where the individual offender stands when on parole. When should consider that there are more than one type of parole. This month we have included a couple of clippings on the subject of parole that have appeared in the Toronto Globe and Mail and The Halifax Herald (those are real street newspapers not like this one) which we conveniently ripped off from the Communicator publication. Have you ever wondered why the name, Off The Wall. Some may think it is very significant. I have heard one lone person suggesting that it should be Off His Rocker. Really it is because of our habit of ripping-off other publication's material. That is not because we have nothing of importance to say, it is just because we would like to bring you the best of everything and we feel that others have already said it better so why waste the time paraphrasing when it is much easier to just outright copy? I would however like to take this opportunity to thank the staff of the Communicator for providing so much good material to rip off. We always send them a carbon copy of their work when we mail our issue out. It must make them feel good.

I have been on parole a number of times myself and so far I have battled a perfect record. I have blown them all. At least, no one can say that I lack consistency. As you read these clippings from the current press I want you to ask yourself, 'Where do you stand when on parole'. If you come up with the answer - 'right in the middle of the muck' - congratulations, you have answered the question without using profanity. Ever felt like you were being taken for a ride.

DISCRETIONARY POWERS G. Stevens

Toronto Globe and Mail

"The plain fact is that the National Parole Board claims a tyrinical authority that I believe is without precedent among administrative agencies empowered to deal with a person's liberty. It claims an unfettered power to deal with an inmate, almost as if he were a mere puppet on a string." Chief Justice B. Laskin

Anyone who occassionally, occasionally, nurses a suspicion that Parliament has abdicated to regulatory and administrative agencies a vast amount of power to make decisions affecting our lives won't get any arguement from this quarter. This abdication is inevitable and given proper policing, can be perfectly desirable. The important thing to know

is what powers are vested in what agencies, boards, and commissions, to know our rights when dealing with the various agencies, and to make very sure that they stay within the powers Parlaiment meant them to have.

Anyone with \$19.75 worth of interest in the subject could do worse than to invest the money in a volume published in the past month by the Law Reform Commission of Canada, entitled and A Catalogue of Discretionary Powers in the Revised Statutes of Canada 1970. The author, Philip Anisman, went through the 1970 federal Statutes and found 14885 discretionary powers exercisable by Canadian Ministers, appointed tribunals, and civil servants of every discription - from deputy

..... continued on page 30

Classified Advertisements

Ted Matheson MEN'S WEAR

1111 Central Avenue

PRINCE ALBERT

764 1577

SKI RACK Limited

764-3259

South Hill Shoppers Mall
PRINCE ALBERT

Gulf Canada Fuel
Oil 763-6478

Pacific Petroleum
Ltd. 3-6655

Coronet Motor
Hotel 764-8479

PA Bottlers Lt.
763-8479

Carments Qual-
ity Jewellers,
763-8521

Sheraton Marlboro Motor Inn, 763-2643; Coles Bookstore 764-2560

TU BAC O SQUARE 764-6200; MacKenzie Gaudet Jewellers 764-1433

Scott National Co. Ltd. 763-7431

G. Brandts Music Centre - 764-2542

MacDonald's Consolidated 764-4213

Chad's Sport Shop; 763-8565

Corrigals Fur Clinic; 763-6458

Hudson Bay Wholesale; 763-6461

Hobby Craft Centre; 764-2560

Western Grocers; 763-2864

Sonic Supplies; 764-8927

The
MERCHANTS
herein listed
have been most
generous with don-
ations to our var-
ious functions over
the many years.
We take this
opportunity
to recognize
their

THANKS FOR YOUR

HELP!

PAROLE - continued from page 28

ministers to game wardens.

Some of the discretionary powers are well known, for example, the regulatory authority of the Canadian Radio Television Commission and the Canadian Transport Commission. Others are a good deal more arcane. How many Canadians are aware that Section 110 (3) of the Canadian Shipping Act confers on an agency called Board of Steamship Inspectors the authority to calculate the horsepower of ships and to decide whether, depending on the horsepower, a ship should be compelled to carry a third-class engineer on trips of less than 10 miles (Ed. Note: Woopee).

The catalogue is useful in that it indicates the extent of ad-

September 6, 1972, his parole was suspended and he was returned to custody. In two week's time, however, he was released on parole again. Mr. Mitchell got a job and was within eight days of completing his sentence, when on December 24, 1973 he was arrested without reason or explanation and returned to prison. It was not until February 8, 1974, 38 days after he would have been released from prison had he never been allowed parole - that the National Parole Board revoked his parole. This left him in the position of having to serve, in jail, the time he had spent on parole. Mr. Mitchell went to the court seeking a writ of Habeas Corpus.

In a judgement handed down two weeks ago, the Supreme Court of Canada, on a 6-2 split, upheld Mr. Mitchell's incarceration. In essence, the majority found that the Parole Board had acted within its administrative competence and that it was not required to give a person on parole any reason for his arrest, beyond the bare fact that his parole had been suspended.

This construction of the parole act, troubled Chief Justice Laskin who felt the Parole Board had acted arbitrarily in having Mr. Mitchell arrested on the eve of the expiry of his sentence and in keeping him in custody, without benefit of a hearing, after the expiry date. The Chief Justice also concluded that the Parole Board had violated Mr. Mitchell's rights under the Canadian Bill of Rights by not informing him promptly of the reason for his arrest.

Although the majority judgement stands in the Mitchell case, it is obvious that the Parole Board has taken unto itself a good deal more power than Parliament ever meant it to have.

ministrative, ministerial, and regulatory powers and identifies the acts of Parliament from which they flow. It is not, however, light bedtime reading. The volume runs to 1,025 pages and most of it is tabular form.

It takes a court case like Fred Mitchell vrs. Her Majesty the Queen (a small portion of Laskin's sharp dissent is quoted at the beginning of this article) to bring home to most of us the awesome powers exercised by appointed bodies and officials. Mr. Mitchell was sentenced to three years and two months in prison following his conviction on a number of offences in Manitoba. The sentence was to run from Nov. 2, 1970 to Jan. 1, 1974.

On Nov. 9, 1971, he was released on parole. Ten months later, on

.....continued on the next page

DIFFERING VIEWS ON PAROLE - EDITORIAL - THE HALIFAX HERALD

The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada, Bora Laskin, has released a minority judgement in which, he is highly critical of the operations of the National Parole Board.

His statement appeared after the Court had voted, 6 to 2 not to interfere in the case of an individual who, without there being any explanation, had his parole revoked and was returned to prison. Chief Justice Laskin charged that the board exercises tyrannical authority!!! The board, he said, "claims an unfettered power to deal with an inmate almost as if he were a mere puppet on a string." The board is not required to give any reason for its decisions, the rightness and integrity of which can only be assumed by the public.

What the Chief Justice appears to be suggesting is that the decisions of the Board, should be accompanied by an explanation. A man should have the right to know why the privilege of parole is denied him or, after having been granted, is revoked or suspended. Perhaps the implied suggestion is that the Board is too hard. If that is the implication of the remarks then it may be concluded that the majority of the Supreme Court views the operations of the Parole Board as being fair, or, perhaps, too lenient.

The Public attitude probably would be that the Parole Board is too lenient in the practice of re-introducing prisoners to society as a feature of their rehabilitation. General opinion, of course, is shaped by the failures of the system. The occasional parolee who commits a major crime casts the shadow of suspicion over all who have been paroled. Unfortunately, no program of parole can be absolutely foolproof. There have been, and there will be failures. The public attitude towards the matter is not going to change until the absolute assurance is given that the Parole Board is taking every reasonable precaution in its work. To that must be coupled a willingness on the part of the authorities, without delay, and without exasperating red-tape, to render adequate compensation to the victims of those who, while on parole commit another crime.

A first step towards remolding public opinion is for the Board to make known the reasons for its decisions. This is not to suggest that they be made public because that would militate against the rights of the prisoner involved. But, as long as the board operates in secrecy, everybody, as well as the prisoner, will assume that something untoward is taking place. Where such thinking prevails, it is not the board but the prisoner who suffers.

The decision of the Supreme Court has the effect of confirming present methods of Board operation. Chief Justice Laskin's comments point the way to better understanding of parole programs and, in the long run, a better deal for both prisoners and public.

EDITORS NOTE: This essay is continued on the next page with the conditions of Parole and/or Mandatory Supervision. For those that don't, KNOW - both are identical. On Mandatory you get ONE more break.

.....continued on the next page

CONDITIONS OF PAROLE - CONDITIONS OF MANDATORY SUPERVISION

1. To remain until expiry of sentence under the authority of the designated Representative of the National Parole Board.
2. To proceed forthwith directly to the area as designated in the instructions and, immediately upon arrival report to the Supervisor and after, the police as instructed by the Supervisor.
3. To remain in the immediate designated area and not leave this area without obtaining permission beforehand from the Representative of the National Parole Board, through the Supervisor.
4. To endeavor to maintain steady employment and to report at once to the Supervisor any change or termination of employment or any other change such as accident or illness.
5. To obtain approval from the Representative of the National Parole Board, through the Supervisor, before:
 - i. purchasing of motor vehicle;
 - ii. incurring debts by borrowing money or instalment buying;
 - iii. assuming additional responsibilities, such as marrying;
 - iv. owning or carrying fire-arms or other weapons;
6. To communicate forthwith with the Supervisor or the Representative of the National Parole Board if arrested or questioned by police regarding any offence.
7. To obey the law and fulfill all legal and social responsibilities.

Parole is a nice thing. It allows a guy to get out before he normally would. Now, that makes it a real good thing. Of course, it has a lot of draw-backs as well. Like it also lets a guy build a three or four year sentence into ten years without even trying.

Parole might be a whole lot better thing. Right now in England about 90% of those that go out on parole make it. Our rate is much lower. 50% of those that go out on a real parole make it, far less for those that go out on Mandatory. All told, less than one out of three make good on parole. I don't see the people over this side of the ocean as being monsters so therefore, I have to conclude, that at least some of the problem is with the system. Changes are necessary, in some respects, they are long overdo.

Essays and comments on parole could be extended to fill entire books. They already have countless books about it, but in closing I would like to draw to your attention the words of a former con from this joint. I think he said a lot in the prayer herein included:

PRAYER

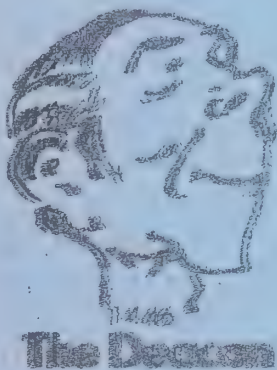
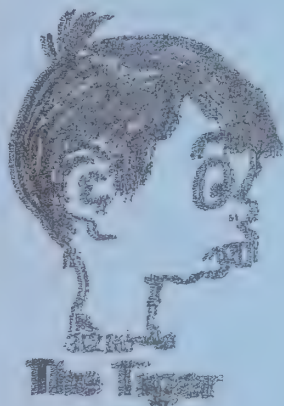
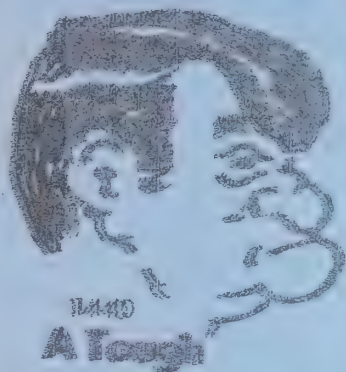
Our Father, which art in Ottawa, National Parole Board by name, thy judgement come, thy evil be done as it is in the pen; Grant us this day our Mandatory parole, and forgive us our hates as we forgive you thy own; Lead us not into forfeiture, but deliver us from Official Evil, for thine is the word and the curse, thy kingdom is our hell, and, until something better comes along, we are forever in your peril.....amen.

- poem by Donny Hogan

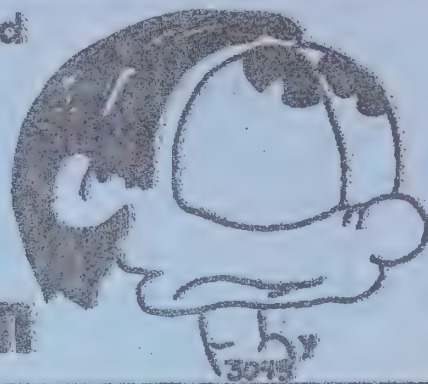
You Really Did It!

They're Pinched

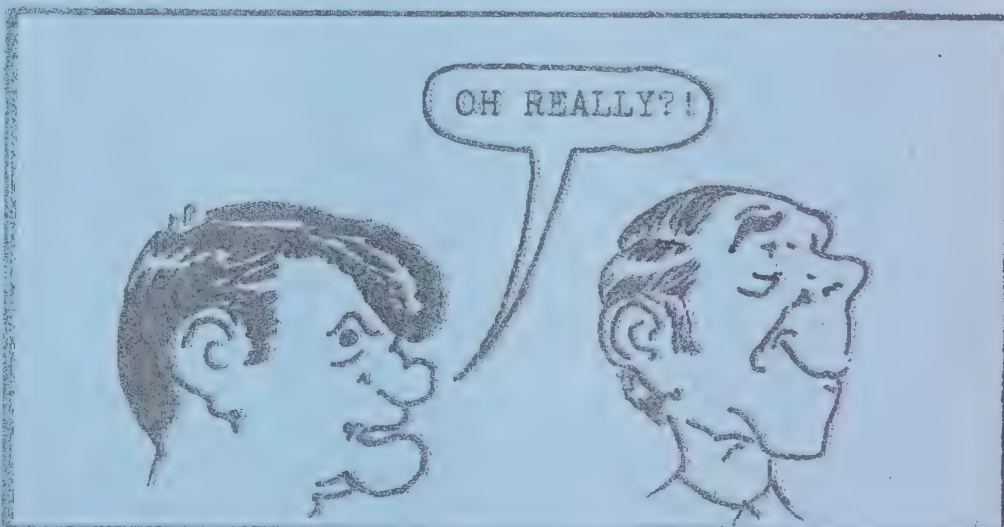
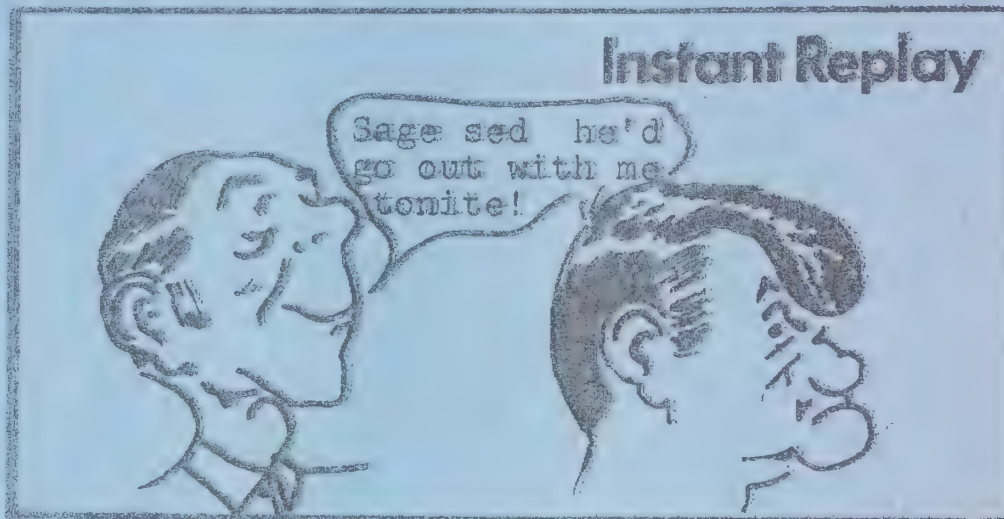
Get to know



**Second-
Class Citizen**



Instant Replay



FROM CONVICT TO CONTRIBUTOR - THEY MAKE PAROLE PERMANENT

Reprint from Columbia, by Marian Behan Hammer.

On the third Sunday of each month, regular as clockwork, restaurant-owner Dante (Dan) Asmo leaves his suburban Columbus, Ohio, home and drives 95 miles to the state's maximum-security prison in Lucasville. There he walks past armed security guards, across a grim prison yard and through imposing steel doors. Soon he is seated in a quiet corner of the visiting room holding a friendly chat with Leroy Williams, a 28 year old convict serving 3-20 for robbery. What do a businessman and a robber have in common? Man-to-Man Associates is the name of the game, and thousands of men throughout the US and Canada, Asmo and Williams are just two, have been playing it to advantage for some time.

"M" as this International Program is called, brings concerned men to work on a one-to-one basis with prison inmates who are 8 to 14 months away from release. The primary goal is to give prisoners contacts in the everyday world so that they can become productive citizens "on the outside." "Both the volunteer and the man in prison change in many exciting and new ways," Asmo, a member of Assumption Council No. 3727 in Columbus says. Most inmates can be described as being in some way irresponsible, according to Asmo. They tend to have poor employment histories, are likely to marry young, and are less likely to make marriage succeed (ED. NOTE: Currently 70% of all marriages end in divorce so they can't hang this one on us), and frequently change their place of residence - a life-style which in most cases led to prison in the first place.

"If anything," Williams, who has completed 1½ years of college, says, "Prison life aggravates this irresponsibility. Without personal contact, the outside world becomes less vivid and our prison world becomes 'normal'. If you don't have anyone on the outside who cares, it's only a short, bitter step to the conclusion that nobody cares because you aren't worth caring about. Many prisoners then give way to self-pity and don't even care about themselves." Asmo, who feels that the program allows him to participate in a Christ-centred apostolic action agrees. "Probably the one most important attitude a volunteer can maintain is one of interest and concern," he says. "When you consider your 'inmate friend' to be worthy of respect and show him that you believe in the possibility of great improvement, it's catching. Before long your attitudes influence motivation in him. If you're direct, honest, and consistent, he becomes direct, honest and consistent in his dealings with you." Once the offender begins to desire to live up to the respect he is receiving, he is well on his way to rehabilitation. In order to fulfill the hopes that he shares with his associate on the outside, the inmate begins to reject his irresponsible behavior.

Although M2 program was introduced in Ohio only three years ago, the parent program, Job Therapy, began in 1965 when Richard Simons, a former Missionary in the slums of New York and now executive director of Washington State's M2 Program, got the ball rolling in his part of the country. "I was convinced that somebody had to make a start getting to prisoners before they were released, helping them build some posi-

.....continued on the next page.....

tive attitudes," he said. "The idea of the free man going to visit came from a study I had made of 35 after-care programs throughout the world. The one that impressed me the most was in the Netherlands, where 90% of ex-offenders had been succeeding on probation and parole compared to 50% in the U.S.". The key, Simons learned, was the use of some 9,000 private citizens as volunteer sponsors who concerned themselves with the welfare and morale of offenders not only after they were released but also while they were in prison. He also discovered that Holland had a population of 12 million people but only 1500 were in maximum security prisons, while the state of Washington with only 3 million population had more than 3000 prisoners. "If our ratios were equal to that we would have only 375 prisoners in maximum security, Simon says. "That would mean an annual saving of 2,625 lives and a saving in wasted tax monies of over \$8 million."

Over the past year M2 has recruited, screened and matched 12,000 reputable business, labouring, and professional men as volunteer citizens to sponsor men confined in 15 states, Canada, and two overseas countries. According to Paul Sabin, president-director of Man-to-Man Inc. in Ohio, one-to-one matches with prisoners and parolees in his state alone increased 66%, expanding service for 8 to 26 counties. "It's true that sometimes inmates view our volunteers with suspicion," he said, "but later most respond to kindness and the friendly interest that the volunteers show." A 48-year-old former inmate named Brad, recently paroled from El Reno, a federal penitentiary in Oklahoma, describes his own reaction. "After having done time twice before, as well as when a juvenile, I was again in prison for breaking and entering. Each time before I had been sent back on the streets without training, without any attempt at rehabilitation. Because I'd been in jail, people looked on me as being no good, worthless. That's the way I felt about myself too. I couldn't even get a job. People closed the door and sent me back to the old way of life, to crime, to jail. I can't change. Nothing changes. Then along comes this guy and claims that he wants to be my friend."

The faith that Brad was able to put in another person for the first time was the basis for a whole new way of life. Now working in the same factory as his sponsor, his goal is to buy a house. "It's important to be firm in helping the offender face up to his old life-style, Tom Jones, another Columbus volunteer said, if you become too sympathetic and excuse the inmate for past actions, you're not helping him. The kindest thing is to help him face up to his shortcomings and encourage him to make the changes that will correct the situation."

Tom's "match" is Al, a young man doing time in one of Ohio's reformatories for burglary. Prior to their meeting he had been incarcerated for five months without one visit. To help pass the time he began painting. "Patience and attentive listening goes a long way toward demonstrating concern and respect," Tom explains, "A lonely inmate values an opportunity to express himself to someone." Once Al discovered that he had a real friend in Tom, his enthusiasm knew no bounds. With an appreciation of art as a common bond, the two men kept up lively correspondence, much of it centred around a new savings account in an "outside" bank which Tom opened in Al's name. Such a move became

.....continued on the next page

FROM CONVICT TO CONTRIBUTOR - continued from the last page

necessary when, at Tom's suggestion, Al began to sell his paintings at \$30 each. "He's really quite talented," Tom said, "and the money will come in handy when he is released."

But though the volunteers act as sounding boards and are many times the catalyst that turns the convict into a productive person, the matched friends are quick to point out that the association is a two-way street. Inmates also contribute in a positive way to the relationship. "I've actually gained more than he has," a middle aged Cincinnati volunteer said of his young inmate friend, Jerry. "My wife and I had a youth problem at home which we couldn't seem to solve. Jerry, who a few years ago, had had the same trouble himself, gave us some insights we probably wouldn't have thought of on our own. But we applied them and found that they really worked." Like most corrections officials, J.R. Palmer, deputy director of Ohio Rehabilitation and Correction, is very pleased with Man-to-Man. Palmer noted that the program is particularly urgent today when so many people, many under 21, are arrested for drug related crimes. The high number of such arrests has led to an increase in already existing prison problems: overcrowding, the horrendous conditions of adolescents forced into homosexuality by older criminal types (sic), and an increase in the militant minority groups who find confinement yet another kind of violence to their as rights. "It has meant a lot to prisoners, blocked off by bars, guards and an awesome court system, to know that they have a friend on the outside who is willing to give them a hand," Palmer related.

The use of the word "friend" in speaking of confined men underscores why the M2 program is special. In case after case the M2 volunteer has been the only human contact available to the frightened lonely person. Typical of the National scene are the Ohio statistics: 9000 men are serving time in Ohio prisons, about 2500 receive fewer than 1 visit per year, hundreds have never had a visit at all, nine out of ten do not have a father, nearly all are poor (no wonder after paying the lawyers).

M2 volunteers have no official authority over parolees as a parole officer does. The main purpose is friendship - which almost always grows beyond M2 requirements. Volunteers like Jack Stokes, who recruits and trains other volunteers on a full time basis in North-East Ohio, try to convey a touch of family warmth by bringing their wives and children on prison visits. Stokes' first match was Jim, a two-year college man, whose first offence involved narcotics. When Stokes brought his wife with him to visit Jim, Jim, whose parents "have been gone" since he was 17 "just couldn't believe that someone cared enough about me to do such a thing." His situation was unusual in that upon his release Stokes invited him to move in with them until he could find a job and get his own place. "He and the children hit it off well from the beginning and we have a real family feeling," Stokes said. Jim, who was hired immediately as a punch-press operator by a local manufacturing plant, now is thinking of returning to college. Asked how he has been helped most by the Stokes' he replied, "They've been parents to me." Another unusual volunteer is John Phillips of Cincin-

.....continued on the next page

nati, whose first match was with 48-year-old Bob Adams. Adams, incarcerated for several months for break and entry, was content to live a slovenly dressed, unshaven, and tobacco juice stained existence. He had no visitors (I wonder why). I eventually got my whole family, my wife and three teen-age children involved in visiting and writing to Bob," said John. "We soon learned that he wasn't really a slob. He responded to the family visits like a resurrection to water." John feels that the program has given him and each member of his family a great opportunity to think about and to help someone else. It's really great to help a man discover the truth and to see him begin to care again."

After serving his sentence, and completing his parole Adams moved to a nearby town where he is a janitor. On his own now, he still manages to correspond with the Phillips family. Although the M2 volunteers family may be added to the visiting list after a solid one-to-one basis has been established some men prefer to limit the relationship to themselves. "There are times when a man's wife and family frown on M2 activities," said J. Micheal Roth, Community Education and Resources Co-Ordinator for the Ohio program.

Part of the success of the M2 program is attributed to the care with which the prisoners and volunteers are chosen. To join the program the prisoner must be receiving little or no outside contact and must be returning to a city or county where the volunteers are available. In his application for an "outside friend" each prisoner is asked to answer various questions designed to help in matching him with someone with whom he will have some areas of interest in common. Things like age, race, occupation, military service, and religion. "As a volunteer you also have the prerogative of not being matched with certain types of criminals," said Mike Roth, who is married and has two children. "In my case for example I asked not to be matched with a man who is in for child molesting or with a man who is a homosexual. The first because of my family and the second because I do not feel that I could be effective with such a person." There is no cut-off for the program. Once you have taken the plunge, you may find yourself walking step and step with your adopted felon for years.

"Release can be really traumatic, especially for a long-term inmate," according to Jim Sorensen, an Ohio Bell Member and former board member of M2. "Inside decisions regarding food, clothing, shelter, employment, bill-paying, medical care, and so forth are made for the inmate by administrators from the day he enters a cell. Facing the change-over from prison to civilian life requires great effort to handle this type of major adjustment."

Granted, the program has some failures - offenders have even committed another crime. However, when this happens, Man-to-Man views it not as a flaw on the part of the inmate but evidence that success has not been reached yet; that the old life-style has not yet been abandoned. "The only permanent failure, is the failure to continue," said Roth.

Although Man-to-Man is non-profit and depends largely on man's love of his fellow man, it also requires operational funds. Some monetary sup-

.....continued on the next page

FROM CONVICT TO CONTRIBUTOR - continued from the last page

port filters through from the Federal Government, but most funds are obtained through donations from individuals, churches, businesses and foundations. Does the average law-abiding citizen have a responsibility to better the conditions of people judged unworthy to remain in society? The inmates of our jails and prisons? Should ordinary citizens find the time, concern - and courage - to go into a prison and offer an inmate friendship and moral support?

"Yes," say Man-to-Man volunteers. Being this kind of devoted friend to prisoners not only lends itself to many spiritual and material benefits, but it exemplifies the witness of Christians caring for those less fortunate than themselves. Awareness of the corporal works of mercy includes Christ's summons: "I was in prison and you came to me." The men of Man-to-Man have answered affirmatively with a special apostolate of love.

By: Marian Behan Hammer

BEST SELLING BOOKS FOR 1974-1975

GENERAL

1. The Bermuda Triangle, Berlitz
2. All Things Bright & Beautiful, J. Herriot
3. The Ascent of Man, Bronowski
4. Helter Skelter, V. Bugliosi
5. The Palace Guard, Dan Rather
6. Strictly Speaking, E. Newman
7. Breach of Faith, T. White
8. Here at The New Yorker, Brendan Gill
9. The Woman He Loved, R. Martin
10. The Memory Book, H. Lotayne
11. A Bridge To Far, C. Ryan
12. All The President's Men, Carl Bernstein
13. Total Fitness in 30 Minutes a Week, Larry Morehouse
14. Tales of Power, C. Castaneda
15. How The Good Guys Finally Won, Jimmy Breslin.
16. The Bankers, Martin Mayer
17. T. M. Discovering Energy and Overcoming Stress, Bloomfield
18. Conversations With Kennedy, Benjamin Bradlee
19. The "Pleasure" Bond, Masters and Johnston
20. The Total Woman, M. Morhan
21. More Joy, edited by A. Comfort
22. The UltraSecret, Winterbotham
23. Sylvia Porter's Money Book, Sylvia Porter
24. The Lives of a Cell, Thomas
25. A-L-I-V-E, Piers Paul Reid

BEST SELLING BOOKS FOR 1974-1975

FICTION

1. Centennial, J. A. Mitchener
2. The Seven Per-cent Solution Dr. J. Watson
3. Something Happened, Heller
4. The Moneychangers, A. Hailey
5. Tinker, Tailor, Soldier & Spy, J. Carrie.
6. The Dreadful Lemon Sky, John D. MacDonal
7. The Dogs of War, by: Forsyth
8. Lady, by: Thomas Tryon
9. The Promise of Joy, J. Drury
10. The Ebony Tower, John Fowles
11. The Pirate, Harrold Robins
12. Shardik, by: Richard Adams
13. Looking for Mr. Goodbar, Rossner
14. Harlequin, by: Morris West
15. Jaws, by: Peter Benchley
16. Watership Down, Richard Adams
17. A Month Of Sundays, J. Updike
18. Black Sunday, Thomas Harris
19. The War Between The Tates, Alison Lurie
20. Ragtime, by: E. L. Doctorow.
21. The Massacre at Fall Creek Jessamyn West
22. The Great Train Robbery Micheal Crichton
23. Spindrift, Phyllis A. Whitney
24. Shogun, by: James Clavell.
25. The Rhinemann Exchange, Ludlum
"Gosh mom, we may have had sex, but we weren't intimate!"

THE COUNTDOWN

FICTION

THE COUNTDOWN

By: Peter Trainor

FICTION

It takes four seconds for the dope to travel from your arm vein to the brain. Four long seconds of intense concentration that all your hopes are based upon. Spike hanging from the arm, eyes riveted straight ahead - waiting for the smack to centre in your head are the four longest seconds, when the world stops dead.

Everyone is crowded around looking at you, watching your eyes and trying to gauge your reaction to the white powder. Is it good? Is it garbage? Right on schedule it hits - your breathing slows, a warm bath envelopes you. Bliss arrives, followed soon after by a mental exhaustion that forces you to stop and take a long sweet breath.

"How is it man?" Bobby says. His alien presence reminds me of duty. A look at the anxious expression on his face and I decide to end the suspense for him and Nancy, my old lady. "It's decent," I whisper, feeling the numbing sensation at the back of my neck. "It's decent," I repeat and smile. Yes, all is in order. I am in my own control again, having kicked out the sickness with a vicious shot of 'H'. It will be back, I know, perhaps not for another eight hours, but in those eight hours I know I can cop again and win yet another reprieve from the withdrawal agony and pains that I fear more than death.

It's morning and I am ravenous - the refrigerator holds a bottle of Coke and some dill pickles. Bobby is in the next room, cursing and swearing as he tries to find a hit. He is shaking and keeps pulling the point out of his scarred-up vein. Sweat is pouring from his face as he jabs the needle in again. Nancy is fidgeting and bitching cause she always has to go last. I sympathize with her because Bobby always takes at least a quarter-of-an-hour and we could both be done in five minutes. Tears begin to form in Bobby's eyes. He is shaking and jabbing, and is losing dope out of the point in ever-increasing drops. The more agitated he becomes the less likely he is to get a hit. "Let me," I offer and before he can refuse I have taken the works, making sure the point is clear of dried blood. I then loosen the tie around his bicep, slap his arm several times to get the circulation going and then retie him. A small vein in the forearm looks promising. Tap, tap, the needle penetrates the skin. A red bloom enters the clear liquid - contact has been made. Not wanting to lose the vein I gently undo the tie around his arm and have him rest the arm on the table-top. "Now?" He nods and I fire the stuff as fast as possible, leaving just a little bit to boot with. His eyes are closed while he waits the four seconds.

"Oh Jesus," he mutters. "Not bad at all. We gotta go get s'more of this stuff. Yeah, no doubt about it, this is twice as good as anythin else in the suckin' town. Gotta get some more....." I watch him to make sure he doesn't go out. He is just in a nice nod, his blond shaggy head nearly touching his chest. Ecstasy costs only twenty-five dollars a half-spoon.....and a lien on your life.

Nancy, waiting impatiently for her fix, is all set up. She has cleaned the works that Bobby just used and is anxiously awaiting her turn. Her veins are so small - she weighs only one hundred and fifteen pounds and it requires a great deal of precision. Nothing looks very promis-

ing. After a thorough search, I find a vein on the backside of her arm, just above the elbow. Her habit is a slight one and she only needs half the number of bags that we use, but paradoxically, she gets more out of it. She immediately lapses into a dreamlike trance with a wisp of a smile on her face. I gently kiss her forehead and say, "I love you babe," even though I know she can't hear me. Bobby and Nancy are both out, but the dope I took has me nowhere near their level. I take inventory: Bobby and me, eight bags apiece; my old lady, four bags; twenty bags gone in twenty minutes; ten dollars per bag; five bags still left from my bundle. Does dopefiendia take over or do I just fire away and accept the consequences? The hell with it. We can cop again later tonight, somehow, and I want to reach their level of unawareness. Anyway, I'm the leader and I bring in a lot more dope and risk my neck countless times and....well, I'm just gonna do it, guilty conscience and all. Once again dopefiendia wins. I draw the last of the precious clear liquid into the fit. Salvation as a discount. I realize it is pure greed and piggy to do it - I just want to get higher, but then the highest high is death.....so many friends died trying to reach there, but where is there? What will I find there? Junkies fallen by the wayside, searching and grasping for relief, only to find a persecuting society that grinds them into animals, despises them as outcasts, imprisons them at will, eventually kills them, and then shrinks back in horror when the truth is revealed?

Who can deny the death wish? Subconscious or not, it is still there. It's another stop, that's all. Better or worse are relative terms, a millionaire may find heaven a demotion.....who knows? Who can believe in such nonsense anyway? Good and evil, define these terms for me. Are we good when we have killed for Nixon and LBJ? Are we evil when we steal to survive? Values are placed and set by whim, and to dissociate oneself from all the meaningless drivel is my goal in the ludicrous, state of being, that we define as, living. You must take a giant step outside your mind and then try to understand things from a new awareness and.....

I suddenly snap out of what I call my 'philosophy and rationalization nod'. I tie-off quickly, jab the needle home and quickly relieve the hype of its load. The four seconds allow me to remove the fit and drop it in a glass of water to prevent blood from clotting inside the point. I then fall back heavily on the couch, my head resting on the armpiece. Three....two....one....Blastoff! I feel I'm sinking too deep. It's quicksand, and it's pulling me down under. I feel so warm and toasty, then I realize I'm dying, but even this knowledge is unimportant, as I am a God. I try to lift my arms but they are already dead. Only my mind seems to be functioning, albeit very dully. I've got to get up - "MOVE!" my mind screams. I finally manage to open my eyelids a quarter-of-an-inch. Bobby is still nodding but stirring. I'm almost there, I think. With my last ounce of effort, I am able to kick the lamp over with my feet, but I never hear it crash I am so oblivious.

I come-to with Bobby slapping my face and Nancy pouring cold water on my head. "What the," I sputter, "Lea'me the hell alone." I close my eyes again, hoping to recapture the peace and serenity that was so blissful, but again I am rudely shaken and pulled to my feet. "Lea'me alone, I'm awright."

"Walk," he orders. Nancy on one side, Bobby on the other, we walk for an interminable length of time and then they throw me into a cold shower. I do not feel the cold but gradually my brain begins to compre-

hend. After the hydro-therapy I wrap myself in a large beach-towel and sit on the rug. Sheepishly I thank Bobby and Nancy for saving my wretched life. In doing so, they were robbed of their fragile highs and are nearly straight again.

Now that the general circus is over the missing bags are brought up! "Uhh, I did it," I lamely admit. Nancy comes over and kisses me and says, "I'm glad you're alive anyway." "I was nowhere near dead," I protest, "I can handle my dope." "Sure, sure," Bobby says, "And now we gotta go cop again for t'night. I was hopin' we could get by for the night, but you gotta be such an uckin' pig and shoot alla dope, and if we don't score some more money, well, we're screwed.....cause you know we'll have a mother to score green paper on a Sunday."

"Easy, easy m'man, it is under control. Right now I'm straving. Let's get sometin' t'eat." Nobody could argue with that. I hand a fin to Na to go out to score some Chicken Delight on Mass. Avenue, "I went last time," she protests. "And I went the time before," says Bobby, "It's your turn."

"At the moment I'm a sick man, if I were t'fall ina streetan faint'n die I would never forgive either one of you, an another thing...."

"Hey, cut the bullshit and go get the bird," says Bobby. "If you were sick I wouldn't even think of sending you out there. You're tryin' to tell me, after alla favors I've done for you, that you would refuse me on this one negligible errand? Is that all a friendship means t'you? An' you would risk my life over some trivial bullshit like that? My senses reel in disbelief. After the experience I just went through, I mean no more t'you than a cockroach that you would step on an' squash ina second. Why don't you jest let me die an' get it over with?" My spiel seems to be fallin' on completely deaf ears. Bobby knows me and my cons just too well.

In resignation and in continual stomach pains from hunger I give up and throw my leather on. Wanting to try one last-ditch effort I turn and say, "If I'm not back in an hour, check the morgue." "Hey," Bobby says, "Here's a few bucks. Pick up a few bottles of Yago Sangria," As he pushes me out the door. In one last attempt I bang on the door but they won't let me back in. "Hey, I'm only nineteen, liquor stores won't sell t'me." I yell. There's laughter then Bobby says, "Sweet talk them Breeze, you could sweet a zebra outta his stripes, ha-ha." "In quotes," I yell back.

I didn't really realize how loaded I am until I start to walk up the Ave. I feel good though. Dusk is setting in and although this is not really my best time of day, I feel exuberant. Walking up the street, I have this habit from my car stealing days, of glancing into every parked car I pass. It is totally ingrained habit by now and even if I had a million dollars in my pocket I would still make the same side glance. Passing a Mercedes by on my way up the block, my eye catches the sight of leather. I bend down to take a closer look, and murmur, "Hmmm, looks like a pocketbook." Feeling pretty high anyway, I throw caution down the sewer and kick in the window. Before startled passerby can react I have the swag under my arm and am in the alley. Knowing alleys as I do, and I know alleys, I am home again in a matter of seconds. Still afraid of being followed I bang on the door twenty times before I realize that they probably think I'm the man, because I did not give the secret dat-a-dat dat-dat. Between the yelling and ruckus, "It's me." I finally get inside and am able to bolt the door shut.

"What-the-hell-is-this?" Bobby says, "Where's the food, the wine?" I'm huffin' and just toss the pocketbook on the bed. "Saved again," I say. "Anything that comes out of a Mercedes has gotta be filled with cash." Nancy is already into the bag, dumpin everything on the kitchen table.

I grab the wallet and pull out a measely fifteen bucks. "Shit!" I shout "We Been Robbed." Searching through the bag there is little else of interest, with the exception of a bottle of pills. "Hey," I say, "this looks like M.S." (Morphine Sulfate) I pour the bottle of small white pills onto the table. We all stare at them. "Could be," says Nancy. "I don't know," says Bobby, "They look like they could be codeine also."

The difference in appearance between the two is negligible, a slight difference in size is all that keeps them apart. Shooting into a vein though...well, that's a different story. M.S. is beautiful, heartwarm-ing and ecstasy all in one. Codeine hits you like a million pins-and-needles all sticking into your body at the same time; the top of your head gets so damned hot it feels like your brain is coming through your scalp. Another symptom is you increase in size - literally, your heart is just pumping so much blood, so fast, that your entire body swells up and turns a peachy shade of pink. Fun to watch but horror and agony to go through. We decide to wait on it.

Later on we scape together thirty-five dollars and Bobby goes out and, gets his standard five dollars discount for a crying junkie, so we all have a bag to get to sleep with. Bobby does two to make up for the five I did earlier. I barely feel one bag but the effects of the dope I shot earlier allows me to sleep, if not very soundly.

Sunday, mothing to steal on Sunday, worst day of the week. Everyone is at home, the stores are closed and all the hard cash is in the banks so we all go out and try make a buck but its nuthin doing. At four in the afternoon we are all back, sick as dogs. Everyone is groanin and carryin on. I remember the pills and pull them out of the stash. No one says anything for a few moments, then Bobby says, "Not me."

"There comes a time Bobby, when you gotta do or die. This is it." I count out twelve pills and put them in the cooker. "What d'you gotta do so many for?" Nancy says. "It's only three-grains if they are quarter-grain M.S.'s an' if they're not, well, what the f---" I draw the clear liquid solution up, Bobby stares intently as I tie-off.

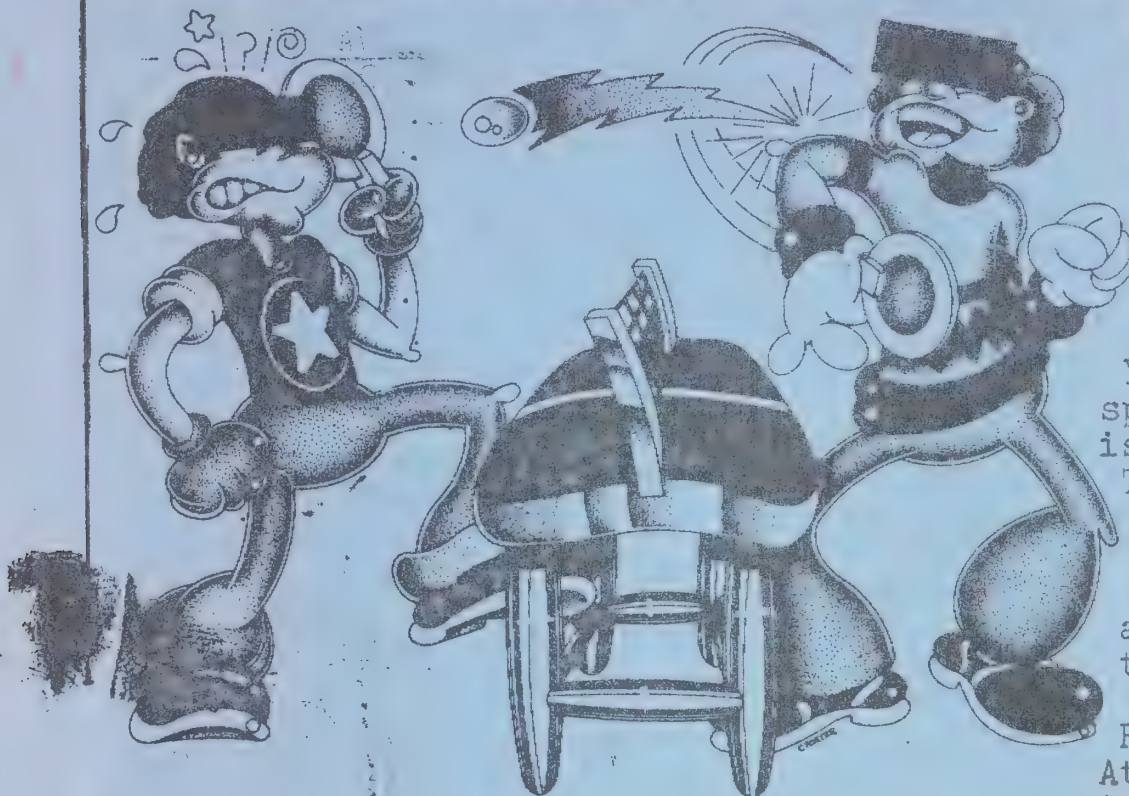
My big scarred veins pop up. I think to myself of a prayer but I know what a lot of bullshit that is, like covering all the bases or some-thing. I look at them, both extremely sick, eyes watering, noses run-ning; there is silence as I have never heard before in the room. I, stick the needle in, immediately a large red blood rose enters the fit. I know that if this is codeine it will kill me, like burning to a crisp because - twelve pills is a lot, a hell of a lot. I also know that, if it is M.S. I will be in heaven - on cloud nine. Heaven or Hell all in four seconds. I have to hurry up and make my decision, as the blood will clot-up in the point. It still isn't too late, I know. ~~F--- it.~~

Fire away....."one.....two.....three....."

* * * * *

From a cute woman dragged from a bath by the ringing phone: "If this is an obscene call, give me your number and I'll call you back in a few minutes."

Everything you wanted to know about Sports



You may think that the sports section of this issue is very limited. That is because the sports have been very limited. A baseball league began on May 28 and so far has four teams. The teams are the Chiefs, Warriors, Renegades, and Aces.

At the time of this writing about seven games

have been completed so it is still a little early to be able to really start laying the old odds down. At this time I would say that the Renegades are looking real good, because of their strong pitcher. The Warriors have to do a little pulling up to put them in the running. Maybe they can bargain some strong players, or wait until a couple of the 'top notch' players return from the street and snatch them up with bribes of cokes and other such goodies. Suprising how far a little

continued on the next page

SCHEDULE OF PLAY - BASEBALL

No.	Home	vrs	Visitors	No.	Home	vrs	Visitors
1.	Warriors	-	Chiefs	19.	Warriors	-	Chiefs
2.	Renegades	-	Warriors	20.	Aces	-	Renegades
3.	Chiefs	-	Renegades	21.	Renegades	-	Chiefs
4.	Chiefs	-	Warriors	22.	Aces	-	Warriors
5.	Warriors	-	Renegades	23.	Aces	-	Chiefs
6.	Renegades	-	Aces	24.	Renegades	-	Warriors
7.	Warriors	-	Aces	25.	Chiefs	-	Warriors
8.	Chiefs	-	Aces	26.	Renegades	-	Aces
9.	Aces	-	Renegades	27.	Chiefs	-	Renegades
10.	Renegades	-	Chiefs	28.	Warriors	-	Aces
11.	Aces	-	Warriors	29.	Chiefs	-	Aces
12.	Aces	-	Chiefs	30.	Warriors	-	Renegades
13.	Chiefs	-	Warriors	31.	Warriors	-	Chiefs
14.	Renegades	-	Aces	32.	Aces	-	Renegades
15.	Chiefs	-	Renegades	33.	Renegades	-	Chiefs
16.	Warriors	-	Aces	34.	Aces	-	Warriors
17.	Chiefs	-	Aces	35.	Aces	-	Chiefs
18.	Warriors	-	Renegades	36.	Renegades	-	Warriors

TEAM ROSTERS - BASEBALL

RENEGADES

J. Cooutts
A. Louison
B. Schofield
D. Anaskan
R. Kronkie
D. Fentie
H. Severight
F. Altwasser
A. Racette
E. Cote
M. Percy
A. Dickie

ACES

A. Larocque
J. Paquette
M. Morris
C. Meyers
D. Ellerbeck
E. Landry
K. Hoiland
B. Graham
C. Anderson
M. Sartor
B. Brydon
E. Saunders
D. Gemby

WARRIORS

D. Delver
A. Goodwill
I. Papaquash
G. Dreaver
G. Whiteknife
A. Gamble
P. Fourstar
P. Stewart
J. Fiddler
P. Makokis
V. Payou
R. Nabixie
A. Mackinaw
H. Omeasoo

CHIEFS

A. Norton
B. Sinclair
A. Tataquasan
A. Bonner
D. Erickson
H. Champagne
Barr
B. Rivard
B. Pelletier
C. Koskie
S. Gaddie

bribery will carry a team. However, now that the Ball Season has started, we are looking for a pick up in sports. Tennis, handball, ping-pong and botchi have been going strong. May be time to set a tournie up to see who is the tops. Or would that

HEAVY WEIGHT * BOXING CHAMPIONS

1882-1892	John Sullivan	10yr.
1892-1897	James Corbit	5yr.
1897-1899	R. Fitzsimmons	2yr.
1899-1905	James Jefferies	6yr.
1905-1906	Marvin Hart	1yr.
1906-1908	Tommy Burns	2yr.
1908-1915	Jack Jackson	7yr.
1915-1919	Jess Willard	4yr.
1919-1926	Jack Dempsey	7yr.
1926-1928	Jean Tunney	2yr.
1928-1930	Vacant	--
1930-1932	Max Schmeling	2yr.
1932-1932	Jack Sharkey	1yr.
1933-1933	Primo Carnera	1yr.
1934-1934	Max Baer	1yr.
1935-1937	James Braddock	2yr.
1937-1949	Joe Louis	12yr.
1949-1951	Ezzard Charles	2yr.
1951-1952	Joe Walcott	1yr.
1952-1956	Rocky Marciano	4yr.
1956-1959	Floyd Patterson	*5yr.
1959-1959	I. Johnason	1yr.
1960-1962	Floyd Patterson	*2yr.
1962-1964	Sonny Liston	2yr.
1964-1967	Muhammad Ali	03yr.
1967-1973	Joe Frazer	3yr.
1973-1974	George Foreman	1yr.
1974-	Muhammid Ali	

mean who's not tops would also be shown. May be a field day this coming month. It is about time to start putting some of that 70¢ per day they have been busy collecting back in the pockets it came from. Time for a return on investment, as they say. MORE NEXT MONTH.

One good argument against bringing back the death penalty: in the last quarter century of it's use in this country, not one rich man was ever executed.

Some banks are installing secret spraying systems for their tellers. If they're held up, tellers push a button and their money is sprayed with a mysterious substance which within a half an hour will turn all the money beet red, and unpassable.

Nine-year-old Timmy was just getting settled in the last row of a local burlesque house when he was noticed by one of the ushers. "hey, Kid, how did you get in here and how come you ain't at school?" "It's, okay sir," Timmy told him, "I've got the mumps."

A PROPHECY IS BORN - PART III

THE TAKE-OFF AND VOYAGE OF THE RUBBER DUCK

For those that missed the first two parts of this epic here is a short synopsis. In part one, the role of nature and man was explained. Nature had been treated badly by man's greed and his failure to understand the intricacies of her wonderful balance. The great spirit and the beauty, and warm depth of Mother Nature had been blackened and made sick by man's rape of the land. Earth was ailing. Part two carried us far into the future, showing the terrible state of affairs that the Indian People found themselves in at the dawn of the 21st. century." The great chiefs met. Their once plentiful existence and easy life on the plains had fallen to technology. They had been trapped under domed cities. The life support systems were beginning to show signs of deterioration and neglect. The Indian people had been relegated to ill-maintained smaller domes beside the huge city complexes of the whiteman. Because of the general deterioration, the bigger cities had begun to hog most of the resources and the smaller satellite cities were beginning to turn into slums. The Chiefs saw all this, and were very alarmed, because surely the end was not far at hand. It was decided that the only thing to do was to pool the resources and send an exploratory mission into space, the purpose of which was to find another habitable planet, a planet where man had not yet completely ruined his own environment - this place was referred to as the Happy Hunting Ground. The chiefs were very saddened by having to send good men to space but there was no other answer as the situation was desperate and if no move was made now, no move would ever be made. Finally a crew was selected of Indian youth who had been imprisoned. There's would be the job of blazing new trails, their's to would be the risk of failure, but they would be able to win back the lost esteem and prestige if they succeeded. Thus bringing back to them and their families the pride lost by their fall. At this point Part III begins.

THE TAKE-OFF AND VOYAGE OF THE RUBBER DUCK PART III

Continuing Fiction from last month By: Likakur

Rubber Duck to Crow's Nest, "Come in please."

Mamma Crow to Rubber Duck, "Read you loud and clear," was the response.

Holding the teletroner I hated to break contact with Base with the thought that I might never return, "Rubber Duck, over and out." I answered.

Underway at last from takeoff, I sat down with Ianine Belleau and Clarence Johns, the man classif-

ied as master-chief six, in preparation to set the course of our journey from his star chart.

Having by-passed Big Dipper I watched as Clarence set Rubber Duck's instruments to proceed in the direction of Little Bear and other distant stars. Now Clarence was a master Crook in exile from the Indian Government from the Pasqua Reservation in the deep south of the province. His speciality, the magical arts of black magic, forecast by the star

continued on the next page

THE VOYAGE OF THE RUBBER DUCK - continued from the last page

movement making him a valuable man for this trip.

Satisfied with the operation manned by it's pilots, I proce-

eded to my outlook and there my knees "collapsed," astounded by the enormity of our mission. I flopped down upon my seat with my nerves jumping, at the upco-

ming Star Blanket opening itself upon the screen. As Rubber Duck passed each meteorite with the speed of light. My first sense of unknown destiny was flabbergasting beyond the wildest dreams of man, unbelievable, I thought! Recalling flashbacks of the take-off. My one chance in a million to learn to explore a planet or planets similar to Mother Earth. How many people 'visualize their dead spirits making this long trip to their heavens, after they are dead'. Yet, here I was! Alive and making the long trip in search of heaven for my kind of tradition!. A great Happy Hunting Ground where there are no devils, Gods and classified Lords of mankind. In reaching our destination I expect to meet, with Sitting Bull, and ALL the Great Indians who died and passed in to another world spiritually in quest of another world of peace and abundance.

Thrilled, I turned the energy switches on to re-charge the solar battery, and watched as the overhead ceiling rolled back, unveiling a huge micro-dome to capture and ray of light and transform it through a reversible energizer into a solar battery. Composed of micro-elements producing pure solar energy thrusts equivalent to one thousand milisecs, of blinding speed. Taking into account the balance of weight minus hot and cold drawbacks of gravity as a source of our mobility and combined metric system.

I was still amazed that the Rubber Duck could produce speeds of up to fifty-five thousand kilometers per second. Being tired and too excited to sleep I transmitted a message to Master Chief Two in the main control of the Rubber Duck enabling me to take a nap and continue my day dreams of aeronauti travel. Fascinating me even more was our conquest of solar energy.

PART IV

It is funny that a man's life flashes before him as he is faced with perils of life and death destructive to his survival, and mine was no exception must least amount to ten sentences contained in a dossier at the Base. Under Master Chief One perhaps my leadership qualities shone through when I directed and designated our space-craft, its structure was composed of a super compound like glass, alienated with stiff fibres. Its speed was the equivalent of light provided by the energy of Solar rays from the Sun.

I was Richard Pasqua, age thirty, single, no occupation. I was convicted for illegal use of science for aeronautic transportation dangerous to the public. Along with thirty former convictions equivalent to ten years in the penitentiary. I had a grade eight education, not a reasonable conclusion to my knowledge in the Scientific Technology.

continued on the next page

My prison report cited subject as incorrigible with a studied interest in Science. A man who spent his time building models of various spacecraft while in prison. Living matter is not impressed into the unsensitive computer banks that now rule earth. There is no way for a computer to be able to understand such diverse subjection as emotion and feeling. And this, in part, had lead men away from where his destiny had first called him.

Our only defence was truth, and truth must be exposed in order that justice is equal and that it be equally distributed. Gods and devils are for intimidated people. And the organization or Oligarchy that is formed to rule soon tries to make itself a surrogate-mother/God.

This knowledge was applied to the visitor who came to visit me when I was sitting in the Federal Penitentiary back on September 14, 1977. I knew that not many Indians in those days wore conservative suits and maroon blazers while carrying briefcases. I had to conclude that he was a VIP from the National Indian Organization in search for some solution to the many problems that were rising at that time. After a lengthy discussion as to my knowledge of space my suspicions were affirmed and he told me that he was in search of an "Experimental Subject."

Instinctively I was wary because the age old tradition seemed to be the guiding principle - use a human guinea pig, other than ones self, for it is safer for someone else to take the risk. Yet, my ingrained need for self preservation was overcome by the enormity and vitality of the mission. Soon I was brought before the council after my freedom had been obtained, which left me little time to consider my own feelings and plots on the project. After that I was shuffled and resuffled until one day when I walked into the high executive suite for the United Chiefs.

Such thoughts of the past brought some stability to my jittering nerves and I began to settle into the trip. Still, after weeks had past no other image replaced the beauty of the actual take-off. There I was, standing on the platform, covered with a flexible plastic type of space-suit, a peace-pipe nestled in the crook of my arm, while my right arm was extended, palm outward, in the universal gesture of peace. The only weapon of any kind that would serve us on the ten year voyage was just that symbol of peace. I only hoped that those on the other worlds that we would encounter would understand the meaning of that symbol. With the thoughts settled and the routine of our mission beginning to establish itself I can not but feel saddened by our farewell to Mother-Earth and this loneliness will continue to dwell deep within my heart.

ATTENTION: "Rubber Duck approaching pond, prepare for Owl, advise, Duck for swimming over?"

"Ten-four. Rubber Duck to feathers, do you read me?"

"Ten-Four."

Satisfied that the crew had manned their stations for a possible landing I began pacing up and down. Never before had I known such great fear. But shared with that fear was great hope that we may have at last come upon that which the Indian People and all of mankind had looked for so long. Were we approaching the Happy Hunting Grounds?

COMMITTEE ELECTIONS HELD

Elections for a new committee were held on Friday, June 4th. Listed below are the candidates and the number of votes they recieved:

4601	Jim Blizzard	209
2217	Dennis Hahn	209
4025	Harold Junior	204
3469	Tom Symes	198
3668	Stretch Hall	193
4917	Blair Pelletier	187
4642	Stu Gaddie	87
4360	Eddie Ramsay	86
4769	Cadillac Clark	71
4873	Bill Agema	23

There were a total of 1467 votes cast which accounts for 245 complete ballots. Only 71% of the people eligible voted. The first meeting achieved the following:

President	- Tom Symes
Vice-President	- Harry Junior
Sports	- Blair Pelletier
Hobby/Canteen	- Stretch Hall
Entertainment	- Dennis Hahn
General	- Jim Blizzard

The first meeting with the director and various section heads (Security, Socialization, ect.) was held Monday, June 7th. 1976.

PAROLES RELEASED

On the first page of this issue under the heading "Joint Statistics" it says that 17 persons, were released on parole. This is a misleading number because it implies that more people are getting paroles than really do. It must be remembered that the number 17 includes both real paroles AND Mandatory supervision releases. To give a more realistic understanding, the month of May saw 12 people released on Mandatory while there were only 5 persons released on real parole. This is not so impressive.

IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE

Complete Joint Statistics
Women's Role in Confinement

WEEKEND EXCERCISE

Weekend excercise has been drastically reduced. Back to the old days! We now get less excercise on the weekends, than we did in 1966. We now get $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours in the morning and $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours in the afternoon for a total of about 3 hours. In 1966 we use to get 5 hours so we now get 40% les excercise on weekends. Back to the 20 hours of lock-up concept.

VICTORIA DAY

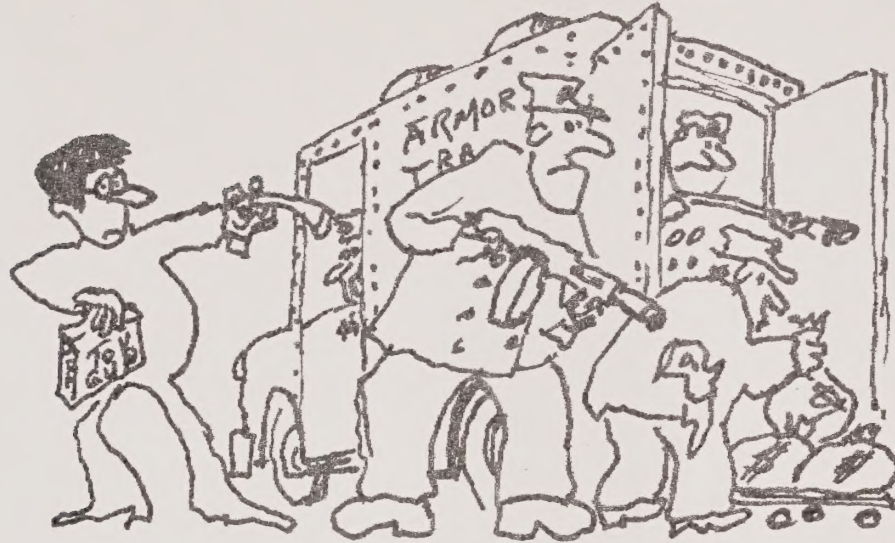
For the first time in over 20 years there was no field's day on May 24 th. Victoria Day has traditionally been the day of our first Fields Day of the year with the corresponding eat-out. 1976 marks the first year in over 2 decades that PA has not commmerated May 24th. At that time no inmate committee had yet been formed after the official dissolution of the previous committee as a result of the sit down. It was brought to the attention of the administration prior to May 24 th. that the regular Field's Day was upcoming, However a review of the Directives showed that there was No Directive that said we Must have a Field Day or the traditional feed-out.

UNIVERSITY CLASSES

Recently the professor from the University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, who was teaching the class in Sociology here at the pen since last September was refused admittance at the Front unless he would subject himself to a frisk. He refused and returned to Saskatoon without giving his scheduled lecture for the evening. In passing, the Joint hired him so he was, at the time, a Guberment employee.

OLDEST NUMBER 5256 issued 26 yr. ago to Big George, now in the hospital. REHABILITATION at its BEST

WHY KILL YOURSELF?



**JUST BECAUSE YOU MISSED THE
LAST ISSUE**

CONTACT: THE EDITOR

OFF THE WALL

Box 160,

Prince Albert, Sask.



CRIME

Law for Sale

FREE

OFF THE WALL
BOX 160, PRINCE ALBERT
SASKATCHEWAN



TO:

Ms. Dorothy E. Chunn
Bibliographer
J.P. Robarts Research Library
Centre of Criminology
Room 8001,
130 St. George Street
University of Toronto
Toronto, Ontario M5S 1A5

EXTRA

WANTED

off the wall

CHEAP

FREE

EXTRA

APRIL 1, 1984

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD!

On the inside ...

Day in court

Time

Under the Dome

Fellow-inmate cri
extends jail

OFF
Over the Wall

sentence
the cells saying th
in the ge

WANTED

Merchants desiring to retire
from business can sell their

Deaths

72, of 462 For-
enue. West Kil-

nipeg, husband
Matthews.

Habeas corpus dies

LAW
MAY 1, 1976
DAY

FOR SALE

haunt ex-convicts
against discrimination ple
ex-convict —

Equality of Civil Rights

Liberty of Religion

Freedom of

TRUTH AND
RUMOURS

OOT OUT AT
HE TOP TEN